

PLAIN TALK

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First Full Publication of the

STRIKING SUMMATION

to the

ALGER HISS JURY

by

GOVERNMENT PROSECUTOR

THOMAS F. MURPHY

(Complete Contents Inside)

Hollywood's Red Fadeout?

Oliver Carlson

PLAIN TALK

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SUMMATION TO THE JURY

People of the United States vs. Alger Hiss

By THOMAS F. MURPHY
Assistant U.S. Attorney

Although members of the jury in the Hiss case declared that the memorable summation by Government Prosecutor Thomas F. Murphy was a decisive factor in their two-to-one alignment, the general press failed to cover it adequately. For the record and because of its great interest, we present here the first comprehensive report of the summation delivered July 7, which, in the original, ran to some 18,000 words.

IT is hard sometimes to distinguish between reason and emotion, but I think when you get to the juryroom and you sit down, not disturbed by lawyers or judges, and argue this with yourselves and ask your neighbor and your fellow juror what is the reason for this, or what is the reason for that, you will find that there are some facts here that are uncontradicted. Let us see what they are.

There is no doubt that Mr. Chambers had in his possession copies of original State Department documents. That fact is uncontradicted.

We have shown you here, and there are three witnesses for you—the typewriter, the original State Department documents, and the documents in this case—three solid witnesses.

What is the first undisputed fact? Mr. Chambers had in his possession, and they are now in this courtroom, documents which are undoubtedly copies, in some cases verbatim copies, of

original, secret, confidential State Department documents.

What is the next uncontradicted fact? The documents themselves are all dated in the first three months of 1938. No dispute about that.

The next is that they were all copies, of course except the handwritten documents, but the typewritten documents were all copied, except No. 10, on the Hiss typewriter.

I say that is uncontradicted. Mr. Chambers had these documents, admittedly copied from State Department documents, dated the first three months in 1938 and on the Hiss typewriter.

Now, the Judge will charge you that the United States Supreme Court, not too many years ago, in 1945, has laid down the rule that in federal courts perjury is proved by two ways: One, by two witnesses, or, by one witness and corroborating evidence. We fit into the second class: one witness and corroborating evidence. The wit-

ness is Mr. Chambers, and he told you in no uncertain terms that, pursuant to an arrangement, these documents, these very documents were given to him by that defendant when Chambers was a functionary of the Communist Party. What is the corroboration? The corroboration, aside from everything else, is the typewritten documents themselves, admitted, uncontradicted, typed on this typewriter, the Hiss typewriter.

Let me give you a real homely example of corroboration: Let us suppose that one of your children was apprehended by you in the kitchen with jam on his face and you asked him whether he was in the pantry and had some jam and he said, "No." Admittedly you did not see him. Now, what does your normal, everyday intelligence tell you happened? It tells you that the boy was lying. Why? Why, there is the jam on his face. It does not prove that he put it in his mouth, but there it is and we are only mortals, and we don't have to take a stomach pump and empty the boy's stomach out to prove he lied. We have the jam on his face. That is what we have here.

Emotional Factors

WHAT are some of the emotional factors that you are going to be confronted with? We are human beings and we have emotions.

Now one emotional factor is that this defendant is a clean-cut, handsome, intelligent, American-born male of some 44 years. That is an emotional factor. Mr. Chambers is short and fat and he had bad teeth. Those are emotional facts. Mrs. Chambers is

plain and severe. Mrs. Hiss is demure and attractive, and intelligent to boot. Very intelligent. But those are emotional facts.

Now, Mr. Stryker said that he was going to call as a witness for this defendant the shade of Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was going to call the ghost of that revered Justice and have that ghost testify from that chair on behalf of this defendant. And I said to myself, "Well, if he is going to call the shade of Justice Holmes, there are a couple of shades that I would like to call here." One man's name was Judas Iscariot and the other's Major General Benedict Arnold.

Let us see how they stack up, one against the other. Well, he did not call the shade, but he did call 15 character witnesses from all walks of life, two from our highest court.

That is something that you want to think about, whether two judges from the United States Supreme Court could with propriety come into this courtroom.

They, of course, didn't know anything about the facts in this case. They didn't tell you anything about the guilt or innocence of this man. They testified in substance to his good reputation, the reputation for truthfulness and loyalty.

Now, reputation is considered by the defense important. They brought 15 people, and oddly enough, the one man—the one man who was a neighbor, the one man who was in the house, in and out of the house at 30th Street, Volta Place, Geoffrey May, do you remember him?—the one man who was there time and time again—they didn't ask him.

But let me dwell just a minute on reputation. I daresay that Judas Iscariot had a fairly good reputation. He was one of the Twelve. He was next to God, and we know what he did.

Major General Benedict Arnold came from a fine family. He was one of the first to go into the Revolutionary War, captured Fort Ticonderoga, was made a colonel. He led the siege against Quebec, got wounded, was made a brigadier general. When the Revolutionary troops were in possession of Philadelphia, Benedict Arnold was the man in charge, and he was court-martialed. Some money found its way into his pocket. And he testified in that court martial:

"Before you, gentlemen and soldiers, I, as a gentleman and a soldier, tell you that I am innocent of this charge."

At that very time he had been dealing eight months with the British, eight months. He was trying to get \$10,000. But he told his superior officers, "I tell you gentlemen and soldiers, I am innocent."

And what happened? He was made a major general and sold out West Point. He wasn't caught. But if he had been caught, don't you think he could have called George Washington as a reputation witness?

Those 15 witnesses have nothing to do with the facts in this case. Those are the facts, those three witnesses there, the typewriter, the original State Department documents, and the evidence in this case, right there.

Now Mr. Stryker first told you, in his opening, to beware of Whittaker Chambers. He said he was a moral leper, a thief. . . . And who is Whit-

taker Chambers? Why, he is the bosom pal of this defendant. He is the man that this defendant gave a Ford to, the man that he gave his apartment to, this moral leper. He said he met him in the latter part of 1934, perhaps early in '35, and took him to New York.

This was the man the defendant often associated himself with, this man now described as a moral leper.

What is the defendant? If Mr. Stryker calls Mr. Chambers a moral leper, what is the defendant Hiss? What is the name for an employee of this government who takes government papers and gives them to a Communist espionage agent?

Alger Hiss was a traitor, a traitor to this country, another Benedict Arnold, another Judas Iscariot, another Judge Manton. Right in this building twelve jurors like yourselves tried a man from a high place, from the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, higher in level than Judge Kaufman here, a United States Circuit Court Judge [Manton].

Someone said that roses that fester stink worse than weeds. And a brilliant man like this man, who betrays his trust, stinks. Inside of that smiling face that heart is black and cancerous. He is a traitor.

BECAUSE he was living with a woman not his wife, before he was married, he [Stryker] tells you that Chambers has no respect for woman-kind. You saw Mr. Chambers on the stand and you saw his wife, the mother of his children. Does a man who is married to one woman for 18 years, who is the father of her two children,

have no regard for womankind?

You heard Mrs. Chambers say, when she was being belabored by Mr. Stryker, "He is a great man." That is what she thought of her husband. "He is a great man." That is courage.

Now another statement Mr. Stryker made in his opening is about Mr. Adolf A. Berle, [former] Assistant Secretary of State. Mr. Stryker told us, "Now we have Mr. Berle's sworn testimony to this event which was at the time of the Hitler-Stalin Pact, I think, about September, 1939, and Mr. Berle under oath says that he did not even say that he, Hiss, was a Communist."

Mr. Berle was not called by Mr. Stryker, and I suggest to you that the reason is obvious and that is Mr. Berle would have said, "Oh, yes, Mr. Chambers told me in 1939 when I was the Intelligence officer for Mr. Roosevelt that Hiss was a Communist—1939."

The Motive

Now this trial has been in progress since May 31st. I don't know how many witnesses have been produced by the government and the defense, and not once have I been able to find out what the defendant charges here was the motive of Chambers. What was his motive? What was the motive of the senior editor of *Time*—getting \$30,000 a year—to come forward with these papers?

Well, this morning I heard something about a political campaign. Mr. Stryker did not say in so many words that that was the motive. He skirted around that a little bit. Let us see now, what was the senior editor of *Time* going to get as a result of injecting himself in a political cam-

paign? I assume we will have to agree that he was not going to get a \$30,000 job in the government. It goes without saying that the assistant district attorneys don't get that. Judge Kaufman gets \$15,000. Do you know what members of the Cabinet get? Do you know what people in charge of different agencies get? Nothing like \$30,000. What was he going to get if his side won, and what was his side? Could it be some political advantage? There is no testimony that the man ever concerned himself with politics after 1938. He was intensely interested in politics prior to 1938. He was interested in Communist politics, with his friend Alger Hiss.

No motive has been proved. No motive has ever been suggested on the witness stand here. Mr. Chambers would not have come forward now with these documents unless it was true—that motive was not touched upon—truth. Mr. Chambers desired the truth.

How did Mr. Stryker know all about the intimate life of the Chambers'? Do you think it was the result of some very, very mysterious investigation that he and his colleagues conducted? Do you think that he had some pipeline down, down deep that brought up all this information—that he discovered it? Wasn't it obvious to you, as I told you in my opening, that there was not a blessed thing that the defense did not know before this trial commenced? They had examined Mr. and Mrs. Chambers under oath in Baltimore for some 1,300 pages. That examination commenced, I think, in the early part of November, 1948 and concluded in the latter part of March,

1949. How many lawyers appearing in the United States would love the opportunity of cross-examining, without restriction, without objection, the government witness before the trial?

Not only did they have all of that information which Mr. Chambers said he did not refuse to answer, but they had the testimony of the House Committee in printed form. They had copies of the Hisses' own statements, that they had made to the grand jury, and armed with all of that they came into court and tried to impress you with the fact that all of this information was obtained by virtue of their own industry, secretly. Not only did they have all that, but they had these very documents. They also had the standards of four typewritten letters that the expert used as a standard of comparison. They knew everything. They even had the typewriter.

Armed with all that, and armed with it in black and white, this defense was conceived. It is not a true defense; it was conceived to avoid the facts.

Do you remember how shocked Mr. Stryker was when Mr. Chambers told about the \$400 loan, and he said, "That's the first time you testified to that." I told him it was the first time that he, Mr. Stryker, heard it, the one thing they hadn't heard before.

And what did they do with it? They fumbled; they dropped the ball on that one.

Inside the Hiss Homes

WHERE is his [Chambers'] testimony corroborated? In what respect do we know as rational beings that he told the truth? In what re-

spect do we know that Hiss lied?

You determine where the lie is in this case by examining and placing side by side the testimony of the Hisses and the Chambers'. One that struck me as being very cogent was the description of the houses, the inside layout of the rooms. Bear in mind, the Hisses say that neither of the Chambers' were in 30th Street or Volta Place. We have a description from Mr. Chambers and from Mrs. Chambers concerning the inside of the house. Mrs. Chambers in describing Volta Place said:

"The Volta Street house was a walled-in garden house. The walls were wide. You entered through a gate, went up several steps, turned to the left on a stoned-in porch and entered the living room. The living room and dining room occupied that floor, with a stairway to the right leading to the bedroom. The third, that is the attic, was Timmie's quarters. The first room upstairs was a small room in which leading off the stairway, I believe, was no doorway or enclosure, before you get into that little room where the box piano was.

"The next room beyond that was a bedroom occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Hiss, which contained—which has a flowered chintz bedspread which I recall Mrs. Hiss bought at a sale at Hutzler's, because I too was looking at this article."

Now what did Mrs. Hiss do to contradict that? You may recall the difficulty I had with Mrs. Hiss. My recollection is that it took about ten minutes to find out which was the front of the house. We couldn't quite agree as to where the front door was.

There was no dispute that the dining room and living room were on the ground floor. Nothing was said about upstairs.

In connection with 30th Street, Mrs. Chambers testified:

"The 30th Street house, I believe, was a little white house, one of three party houses, that is, with party walls. There were two iron rails as you came onto about two or three steps entering immediately into a pink living room lined on either side with books. To the left in the rear of the house was a stairway that went down into a dining room—did I say the living room was pink? The walls were very thin, and as they were party walls you could hear the noises of the neighbors and we were particularly careful to speak low.

"Downstairs the dining room was green. As I say, the picture that I gave to Priscilla was on the far wall as you come down the stairway. In the lower lefthand center of the wall—to the left of the center I will say—there was a settee, one of those spindle-backed porch settees, in the far part of the living room. Upstairs—no, I never was upstairs. I don't know."

Now, Mrs. Hiss contradicted that by saying the house was yellow and not white, that there were seven or eight steps and not two or three, and that the living room was green and not pink.

Is it possible in the nature of things for two people to describe two houses in such detail and not to have been there? Is it humanly possible? Consider that when you ask yourself who is lying.

The August Session

NEXT we come, on the issue of credibility, to the Commodore Hotel. This was an executive session. It was the opportunity that Mr. Hiss was crying for. He wanted to see who it was that made these accusations against him.

You recall his testimony that on August 3rd of last year he received innumerable phone calls saying that Mr. Chambers had testified in Congress that he was a Communist and he straightway sent the telegram demanding to be heard under oath, and he was given that opportunity on August 5th.

He told the members of Congress that the name Whittaker Chambers meant nothing to him. He read in the papers that morning that Mr. Chambers had given some details of his, Mr. Hiss's personal life. He didn't say what the details were, just that there was some sort of a leak, and he started to think. Bear in mind, he hadn't done any thinking prior to that, but he started to think who could that person be? And he wrote the name George Crosley. He wrote the name of a man that he said he hadn't seen since 1936; he wrote the name of a man whose articles he had never seen written or published.

And he went down to Congress with it and told them that perhaps they were referring to a man named George Crosley, a free lance writer that he knew back in '34-'35, referring to a man that he sublet his apartment to for the summer months; in order to clinch the deal, he threw in a Ford, just sort of threw it in. "That must be the fellow, George Crosley, and here

it is, I have written it down, I think I drove him to New York; he once borrowed a couple of bucks; I didn't bother much with him; in fact, he stayed at our house at one time, on P Street. He was going to move in, and the van didn't show up, so we put him up as goodhearted people do sometimes to tenants, fed him. That must be the fellow, George Crosley."

But he wanted to see him. Up at the Commodore Hotel in executive session, he was given the opportunity of a confrontation. You remember how that went along? He first asked Chambers whether or not his voice—or I think he asked one of the Congressmen—whether the pitch of his voice after he talked a little bit was not a little different than when he testified before, a little less resonant, I think he said.

He had him talk. In fact, he had him read something. Then he asked whether the witness couldn't open his mouth so he could look at his teeth. I don't suppose he ever saw the man with his mouth closed, but he wanted to see the teeth. This man that he knew, this Crosley, had bad teeth.

Well, Chambers opened his mouth and he looked in, and having looked, he then wanted to know the dentist's name. See, that would be important. He also wanted to know when the dental work was done. That would help him recognize his man.

He heard him talk. The pitch was a little high. He didn't say, "Yes, that is the man." Then he asked, "Did you sublease an apartment from me on 29th Street?" Chambers said no, he didn't. He then said, "Did you occupy an apartment of mine on 29th

Street?" "Yes, I did." "Well," he said, "how do you explain that apparent inconsistency to say you did not sublease it and nevertheless you say you occupied it?" And as I remember the answer it was, "You and I, Alger, were Communists together." And then he [Hiss] says, "I now recognize him from what he has just said. I am convinced that this is George Crosley."

Not from the teeth, not from the pitch of the voice, not from his jowls, hair, size, stature, not from any visual inspection. That subleasing was what did it. That is the confrontation. That is what actually happened, and not what he said on that stand when testifying for Mr. Stryker. He said, "I recognized him without hesitation."

He knew who Whittaker Chambers was. Whittaker Chambers was his pal from the old underground days. Whittaker Chambers, his friend from 1935 to 1938. He knew him as Carl, but don't you think, in the years that went by, [he knew] what happened to Whittaker Chambers? Don't you think he read *Time* magazine? Don't you think he watched the masthead year after year and he saw that name in there?

The Automobile

NOW about the car: Let us assume that he could not honestly remember what year it was that he gave the car away. There is no doubt in your mind that you would remember to whom you gave it. We don't give automobiles away frequently. He said he only gave one away. You would remember to whom you gave it and the circumstances of the giving for many, many years.

He first testified that the giving of

the car was to clinch the rental agreement, a rental agreement in the year 1935 when things were a little tough. No written lease, nothing like that, just an oral agreement, no rent in advance. This Harvard man, a brilliant law student, then a lawyer, practicing law with the Nye Committee, permitted a man whom he did not know too well, did not know where he worked, did not know where he could reach him, permitted him to become a sub-tenant of his without a written lease, without demanding the money in advance, and then, to clinch the bargain in 1935, gave him a Ford.

Later on he said he gave him "the use" of the Ford. That is Mr. Hiss's forte. He is able to distinguish, to combine truth with half-truth, a little bit to color it, a little bit more to testify, and then, if placed in a corner, to rely upon the truthful part, and you have to be pretty good to do that, and he is pretty good.

Now, he said he gave the car in 1936. That is, he completely divested himself of the car in 1936, in the summer, because he promised to give it to him in April of the year before. It was a promise made and a promise fulfilled. Of course the guy gypped him a little bit in between, beat him out of the rent, touched him for \$30 or so, a complete moocher, but he made a promise, and, by God, when the man said, "Where is the car?" "Here it is." And he gave him the car.

But what does the assignment of title say? The assignment of title, which was introduced in evidence here, says, "For value received the undersigned hereby sells, assigns and trans-

fers unto Cherner Motor Company, 1781 Florida Avenue, N.W., the motor vehicle described on the reverse side of this certificate, and the undersigned hereby warrants the title" and so forth, and the signature of the assignor, "Alger Hiss." "Sworn to July 23, 1936. W. Marvin Smith, Notary Public." As a matter of fact, I think Mr. Hiss testified that he wrote in the name "Cherner Motor Company" himself.

That is what he said under oath on July 23, 1936. That is what he said he did with that Ford automobile. He assigned, transferred and sold that car to Cherner Motor Company, and Judge Kaufman would not let me prove what happened after that.

The Rugs

ONE THING more to add to the list of things that will help you decide who lied. Mr. Chambers testified that he bought four Oriental rugs with money he received from Bykov. He had his friend, Professor Meyer Schapiro from Columbia, buy them for him.

First of all, the man who testified first, Mr. Touloukian, the rug man, said he sold four Oriental rugs, approximately 9x12, for eight hundred and some odd dollars. It was paid for with the check of the professor, together with \$276.71 in cash, making a total of \$876.71, and then delivered, and here it is in evidence, delivered on December 29, 1936, to Dr. Schapiro, 279 West 4th Street, and received by Mrs. Schapiro December 29, 1936. There is the check of Dr. Schapiro.

Dr. Schapiro says that he sent them at Chambers' request to somebody in

Washington whose first name started with the word Sol. Chambers testified that he gave one of these rugs to Alger Hiss in the city of Washington and told him that it was a gift from the Russian people in gratitude, and Mr. Hiss says he did get a rug, it is about 9x12, he did get it from Chambers. He still has it, but he has no idea why he gave it to him.

There are the facts that cannot be controverted. There is nothing you can do about those dates. They are on the exhibits. They are going to stay there and they are going to follow Alger Hiss to his grave.

The Typewriter

NOW the typewriter: Before we discuss that typewriter keep in mind, if you will, the uncontradicted evidence of Mr. Russell, the man from the typewriter concern. He testified that Mr. Hiss's Wall Street law firm, Debevoise, Plimpton & McLean, through Mr. Rosenwald, rented a Woodstock typewriter on February 24, 1949, and returned it May 24, 1949, three months after, a typewriter just like Defendant's Exhibit S. This Wall Street law firm hired and had possession of a Woodstock typewriter like that.

Now on November 17, 1948, when Mr. Chambers offered in evidence in Baltimore handwritten and typewritten documents, it must have become obvious to the lawyers present that a typewriter, or a typewriter specimen, was immediately going to become important because if, as Mr. Chambers testified, these documents were typed by the Hisses in 1938, that was the jam on the boy's face. So it became very, very important to find (1) the

typewriter itself or (2) specimens from that typewriter so as to prove the authenticity of Mr. Chambers' statement.

This [Hiss] was a man of high places, who was then president of the Carnegie Endowment for World Peace. What could he do? He only had two choices, he could call up the chairman and say, "Well, you got me at last," or deny it. He had no other choice. He had to get in there and get in there first. So what did he do with this typewriter?

He knew and he testified on the stand on cross-examination that the obtaining of standards of comparison was the first order of business as far as the government was concerned. He wanted to help. He wanted to help this government of yours and mine. He wanted to track down and nail this horrible story of treason and corrupt dealing by a paid employee of the United States—a confidant of our late President. Yes, sir, he wanted to help. So what did he do? He made a special trip, he said, and came down to Baltimore so he could be examined by some FBI agents. He told them that they had an old typewriter, yes they had it, but they disposed of it in 1938 to a second-hand dealer in Georgetown.

That was to help the FBI find the typewriter. They thereby eliminated all the other cities in the United States and said, "Georgetown, Washington, D. C., that is the place to start." So they looked and they looked and they could not find it. But they did find specimens. They did find letters written by the Hisses on that typewriter, and their expert looked at them, just as a ballistics expert looks at a

bullet, and said, "Yes, those documents except the one we know as No. 10, were all written on the same typewriter that these specimens were written on." It brought us a little closer to Alger Hiss.

Now in looking for this typewriter, the FBI also had some other help from the Hisses. You can see how that first help saved the government a lot of money and time, but he wanted to help. That was the only thing he wanted to do in December, was to help the FBI.

Mrs. Hiss told the grand jury that their maid, Claudi Catlett, was dead. You can see how that would help. You could just eliminate her from the list of people to see.

But they found it [the typewriter]. How? They went to the same sources that we did. The FBI agents saw the Catlett boys at the end of January 1949, and they denied knowing anything about a Hiss typewriter. That is what they told the FBI. But what did they tell the Hisses? That little Catlett boy said he went to Donald Hiss the day after and said the FBI agents were around inquiring about a typewriter, and then things started to buzz.

We find Mr. Rosenwald, a fellow classmate [of Hiss], out in Detroit in the end of January. And then we know the story, how through the smaller of the Catlett boys the typewriter was traced through his family, through the sister, and finally into Mr. Lockey's hands, and then Mr. Lockey sold it to Mr. McLean, and the receipt says April 19, 1949, for \$15.00. So you can see how this helped.

Now the Hisses knew that the type-

writer formed a connecting link between Chambers and them. They knew that from the period from May or June, 1937, until his defection in April of 1938 that that typewriter was going all the time, and if there ever was going to be a charge against the Hisses, that would be the immutable witness forever against them. So what did they do? Did they sell it? Of course not. If they sold it, there would always be a record as it passed from one person to another. They got rid of it by giving it to the Catletts. They figured, "Well, here are a couple of boys, uneducated; they don't type. It will fall into disuse and get banged around. It will never be traceable back to us again."

Until [Hiss] was indicted he never once mentioned it to his lawyers. Of course, he never told the grand jury either, but he did tell one of the Catlett boys. He said, "If the FBI ever come looking for a typewriter, don't telephone me, but tell my brother Donald." In other words, he could let it sit. If the agents did not find the Catletts, all well and good.

Now what did Perry Catlett say in his own statement in May, 1949? He says he got it [the typewriter] during a moving. He does not remember whether it was before or after or during, which is, I think, an honest way of recalling what the facts are. What he does remember, however, was that he took it to the northwest corner of Connecticut and K Streets, to see whether he could have it fixed.

Now it turns out upon investigation that that is probably correct, but unfortunately for the defense the Woodstock people did not come there

until September 15, 1938. Now let us assume that the boy was in error when he told the agent that he went to the northwest corner of Connecticut and K, as the defense intimated possibly it could have been the other Woodstock shop down the block, on K Street. Well, we checked that, and you heard the witness say that the shop did not come into existence until May, 1938. Take your choice. But those are the facts that you cannot change. September and May, 1938.

Now the boy Raymond said that when the FBI agent was there to see him, he called up his real estate agent to find out when they moved to P Street, and he found out they moved there on January 17, 1938. That date is important, too, because both Catlett boys said that after the Hisses gave them the typewriter, they took it to P Street. Let us assume that they got the typewriter about January 1, 1938.

Who typed these documents? The Catletts, from the evidence here, did not know Mr. Chambers. They said that they could not type. Are we supposed to visualize Chambers coming around to the Catlett house at night and typing these documents himself?

I submit that two things must be clear; one, that the typewriter was in the possession of the Hiss family until at least Mr. Chambers' defection, until he left the party; and two, that the Catletts had the typewriter for some time after that.

Now let us go to another element of corroboration: if Mr. Chambers was the cunning, unscrupulous, conniving liar Mr. Stryker would have you believe, he certainly missed the bill on the Peterboro trip. If he did not, in

truth and in fact, go to Peterboro with the Hisses, why would he mention the day? Why would he mention the name of the hotel? Why would he mention the owner's name? God, if that isn't going in with your chin out. The reason is that it is true.

Exactly \$400

Now another item, the \$400. You know the story. Mr. Chambers says that Hiss gave him \$400 and he used that to help pay for that car. The car was bought by his wife from the Schmidt Motor Company in November, 1937. He used it in his break from the party.

Now if his statement was untrue there, of course, could not be any \$400 withdrawal from the bank. But if his statement was true and there was an exact \$400 withdrawal, he, too, is psychic. He did not have the bank account. He did not say \$350, he did not say \$500, or \$425, but an even \$400. What did they do with it? Mrs. Hiss said she bought all of these items for her Volta Place house. I too am going to ask the ladies on the jury, is that the way you do it when you have a checking account and a charge account, and you have not moved in? Do you take the \$400 out in one lump? Do you go around and buy curtains and items for the house to be delivered later and pay for them in cash? If you are going to have them delivered later you might as well pay by check. Is that \$400 explanation reasonable to you or is it just another lie, another peg upon which you can tell which side credibility lies?

The Government's Exhibit 17 is the one that hurt. That is the one that

scored. That is a pretty good typing job. And what did she say in there? She said she was going to the university in order that she might take courses at Mercy Hospital. That is what Mrs. Chambers testified that Mrs. Hiss talked of, "taking courses."

Now why did it hurt? Because she too must have been psychic to know about that plan, or else, if she was not psychic, she was chumming with Mrs. Hiss, and I submit that is how she knew it.

Let me speak now about the lawsuit. He [Hiss] had to bring the lawsuit. In self-defense he had to bring the lawsuit. And they spent an awful lot of time examining Mr. Chambers. Mr. Chambers had rights in that lawsuit. Did he examine Mr. Hiss? Did he examine Mrs. Hiss? No, of course not. He has a defense in that law suit. The defense of truth. He took him at his dare. Why? Because he is a man of courage, because he is telling the truth.

Mr. Dulles' Testimony

Now John Foster Dulles. Mr. Stryker didn't know what the contradiction was. You remember he asked Judge Kaufman to help? You remember he said, "I don't understand. Would the Judge or maybe somebody tell me? I don't quite see the point." Well, it was right there. He put the lie in this man's mouth on three separate occasions. That is what he [Hiss] does; a little bit of the truth and a little bit of a lie. He told Mr. Dulles and he told us on the stand that he was the one who brought up the question of resignation. Mr. Dulles said that he saw him, and that

he told him, Mr. Dulles, that he satisfied the FBI in 1948. Can you imagine satisfying them, getting a certificate of clearance, "O.K., FBI?"

You heard what the witness said here. When they had the dinner of the trustees of the Carnegie Endowment, he was asked, "Didn't you tell the House Un-American Committee that you checked, personally checked with Justice Byrnes, that you contacted him directly?" And then it comes out that Mr. Acheson did it.

Now these documents. Let me look at those. Give me Number 1. May 28th. Moscow. This was a summary, to tell his boss of important matters like trade agreements. He knew it was in his handwriting when I introduced the document. He recognized his handwriting, when he saw that I had proof of the document. The document, ladies and gentlemen, is a copy verbatim, and that is a summary on an important trade agreement matter.

And one thing more, notice the way it is creased. That is a paper that was thrown in a wastepaper basket! With those creases? You know how that got out of the office?

Look at all of them, look at every one of them. Wastepaper basket, my eye! Look at the crease in that. Look at the phrasing there. There is the summary on the top, "30 Potez-63, latest French type, a lighter bomber-pursuit." And then to make it clear for the photographer, it is all written out. That would have been enough to tell Mr. Sayre about it, a man interested in trade agreements, about some French bomber-pursuit planes.

And finally, one thing more, Dr. Binger. I objected to a doctor being

allowed to sit within the rail of this courtroom. I thought it was unfair. I thought his testimony was incompetent in any event, but Judge Kaufman thought otherwise. How would you like to sit on that chair and have some psychiatrist look at you for seven days? Did you see any change in Mr. Chambers? He was telling the truth, and that is why he did not fear him, or any other of the settings and props that have been going around in this case.

And again, finally, you are the

The Cominform's Balkan-China Axis

(From A Special Correspondent)

ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY with the recent Paris conference of the Four-Power foreign ministers, a Cominform conference was held in an old German castle near Carlsbad, in Czechoslovakia. European Communists call it the "Malenkov Conference" because it became clear there that Stalin's present chief satrap is now in complete control of the Cominform. Malenkov reigned over the sessions like a Buddha in an Indian temple. Orders were issued in a lengthy oral report by Mikhail Suslov, Soviet Minister of Propaganda, who has attained great prominence since the purge of Zhdanov's favorites.

Suslov announced the general line for the coming two or three years: truce in Western Europe, mobilization in Eastern Europe, an offensive in Asia. The African continent looms in the forefront of Communist strategy. France's Marty and Italy's Togliatti

second jury to hear this story. The grand jury heard the same story. The grand jury heard this traitor and Mr. Chambers, and that grand jury indicted Hiss. It indicted Hiss because he lied. He lied to them, and I submit he lied to you. The grand jury said that he lied twice on December 15. And as a representative of 130 million people of this country, I ask you to concur in that charge of the grand jury. I ask you as a representative of the United States Government to come back and put the lie in that man's face.

received orders to develop by 1951 a Communist organization in Africa which would be able to hinder an "imperialist invasion" in case of war.

But the sensation of Suslov's report was the part dealing with China. The Chinese delegation headed by Chun Sui, a member of the Central Committee, arrived from Moscow in special planes and were welcomed with great ceremony. According to available information, which is, of course, fragmentary, Suslov spoke about as follows:

The securing of victory for the Chinese revolution is at present the greatest and most important problem of the international Communist movement. It must be carried out under all circumstances, no matter what material sacrifices are demanded from the U.S.S.R. and the people's democracies. Even if socialist reconstruction is delayed in Eastern Europe and in

the Soviet Union, the Chinese government must be promoted within at least the next five years to a position of complete economic independence from the imperialistic West. It is a criminal illusion to think that the U. S. A. and Great Britain would desist from intervention in China. The truth is that the power of the U.S.S.R. has caused Western imperialism to plan carefully and camouflage its intervention. It would be another illusion to think that the United States is prepared to foster any trade relations with a democratic China which would be of advantage to China. The imperialists are plotting to keep industry under their control and to make a planned economic policy impossible. The economic intervention of the imperialists is closely bound to their military preparations. But the U.S.S.R. and the people's democracies are strong enough to upset Washington's plans.

After a speech by Chun Sui, Malenkov announced that the Soviet government had decided to grant to the Chinese Democratic People's Republic, when set up, a socialist, non-interest-bearing, 50-year loan amounting to several billion roubles.

At the conclusion of the meeting the Chinese commission of the conference passed these resolutions:

a) Conclusion of a mutual assistance pact between the European people's democracies and the Mao Tse-tung government. Czechoslovakia is supposed to furnish 7.5 percent of its industrial production to China, Poland 4 percent, Hungary and Rumania 3 percent. A clearing house for trade between China and Eastern Europe is to be set up in Moscow.

b) All Communist countries will be obliged, at their own expense, to send large contingents of engineers and technicians to China.

c) In all capitalist countries organizations are to be set up to support democratic China, collect funds, undertake the support of nationalized industries, and send technicians, educators, etc., to China.

Reports indicate that the Kremlin's China Plan will be proclaimed publicly in the late summer or early fall on the occasion of the meeting of the constituent assembly of the Chinese Democratic People's Republic and the almost simultaneous XIXth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Preparations, however, are already under way. The Chinese Commission went from Prague to Warsaw where it held further meetings under the chairmanship of Mikoyan.

The resolutions at the Cominform conference in Czechoslovakia point up the speech by Mao Tse-tung in which he declared, in effect, so concisely and clearly: We belong to the anti-imperialist front headed by the U.S.S.R. and we can only look for genuine friendly aid from that front and not from the imperialist front.

APPARENTLY the Kremlin expects a culmination in 1951 or 1952 of the crisis between the Western world and the Soviet empire. According to Malenkov and Suslov, this is the final date for the outbreak of a depression in the U.S.A. By this time, collectivization of agriculture and eradication of the Catholic Church must be completed in Eastern Europe, along with the organization of a military

underground and a purge of the Communist parties in Western Europe. Unification of the satellite armies with the Red Army, and Eastern European MVD organizations with the Soviet MVD should be carried out not later than by the end of 1950.

It is an open secret that the development of the Tito crisis was followed with malicious interest by the heads of the Communist parties. They had hoped that Moscow's disgraceful defeat in Belgrade would make the Kremlin more careful and cause it to ease its stranglehold. But Malenkov's whip cracked more mercilessly than Zhdanov's had. Stalin's new slave-driver informed the collective secretary generals, minister presidents and major generals that Tito's rebellion was to be charged to their account. Their lack of "internationalism" and their "non-vigilance" had created the atmosphere in which that Trotskyite-fascist Tito found the nerve to strike the U.S.S.R. in the back.

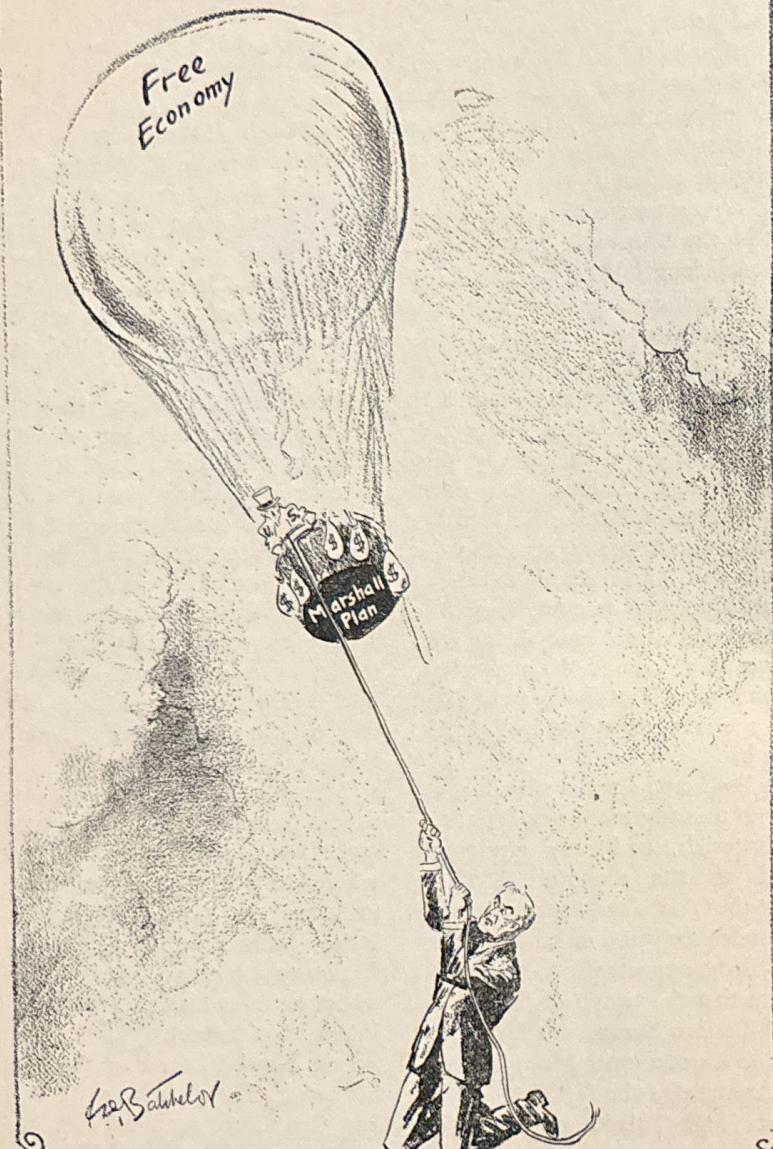
The Poles and Czechs who, because of their pressing need for Yugoslav raw materials, had only grudgingly carried on the economic blockade against the Yugoslavs, found that they were under suspicion of sabotage. Suslov used the opportunity to make clear to them that the tempo of bolshevization in Eastern Europe was far behind Kremlin expectations. Malenkov will not acknowledge the fact that Czechoslovakia and Poland have a large class of well-to-do and intelligent farmers whose collectivization is a much more difficult problem than was the destruction of the Russian kulaks.

With the stubborn stupidity so characteristic of the younger statesmen of

the Stalin school they expect the Catholic Church in Eastern Europe to humble itself as did the Orthodox Church in Russia. Of course the Czech and Polish Communists know that collectivization in Czechoslovakia and Poland would decrease their agricultural output about 40 to 50 percent. They know that nationalization of the Catholic Church is a chimera. But not a word of opposition was heard as Stalin's delegates issued their orders.

THE ONE EUROPEAN leader who was not censured, but praised, was Hungary's Matthias Rákosi. It has now become increasingly clear that Rákosi has played a considerable part in promoting the conflict between the Kremlin and Tito. He was the notorious agent provocateur of the Malenkov faction even before that conflict broke out in the open. It is commonly known that Rákosi, who considers himself one of the "old guard," hates the pompous upstart, Tito.

Rákosi is an acknowledged master of the technique of Kremlin conspiracy. Even in the Hungarian prison where he spent years, he managed to secure the favorable attention of Stalin, while Bela Kun, chief of the faction to which he belonged and to whom he owes his career in the Comintern, was executed in the Butirki prison. Now Rákosi is at the peak of his career. The reports on the Malenkov Conference mention him as successor to the late Georgi Dimitrov as head of the Balkan Communists. It is expected that Rákosi will take over the assignment, which had been entrusted to Dimitrov, for the imminent liquidation of the Tito regime.



Cripps: "I say, old doughbags, more ballast overboard to give a lift to the Socialist pound."

PLAIN TALK cartoon
by C. D. Batchelor

Hollywood's Red Fadeout?

By OLIVER CARLSON

What's happened in Hollywood since the sensational Washington hearings nearly two years ago on Communist influence in screenland? Here is the first report from an authoritative observer.

THE VIRUS of communism in Hollywood has been losing its potency in the last two years. For that, credit is due in part to the actions of the "unfriendly ten" writers and directors who in November, 1947, refused to tell the House Committee on Un-American Activities whether or not they were, or ever had been, members of the Communist Party. And in part credit is due to the "friendly witnesses" for the courage they displayed in trying to save the industry.

It is a commonplace that Hollywood has been the mecca of every pro-Communist writer, actor and director for the last ten years—leaving out the short interlude of the Stalin-Hitler Pact. It was considered smart to be Red in the screen colony, and to open your home and your purse to Moscow's stooges. To praise all things Soviet, and to belittle all things American became the standard pattern at swanky Hollywood parties. The one sure way to a good job in the industry for any ambitious newcomer was to be seen at the numerous rallies and mass meetings staged by the Communist front organizations, to buy their literature, to voice their slogans, to contribute to their campaigns and drives, to sign their petitions — and to denounce as "reactionaries," "Red-baiters," fascists" and "anti-Semites" those persons within the industry who defended American institutions and

principles and rejected pro-Soviet philosophy and tactics.

That day is gone. The hardening temper of the American people against Soviet aggression and double-dealing has become so pronounced during the past 18 months that even the Hollywood moguls have at last caught up with the drift of public opinion. Motion picture magnates who a year ago willingly hobnobbed with their \$1,000-a-week pro-Communist writers and actors have finally turned a cold shoulder to them. Communists and fellow-travelers have finally become unwelcome in the mansions of the film tycoons. Known Communists are being cleaned out of the industry rapidly. They are already screaming to high heaven to save their jobs and their influence.

The Friendly Witnesses

WITH the turn of the tide, there is even a chance that before long the friendly witnesses will be reinstated in Hollywood's favor and given the recognition long due them. They have suffered long enough for being good Americans.

These witnesses at the Washington hearings of the House Committee on Un-American Activities in the fall of 1947 had long been the object of a continuous barrage of calumny by the Hollywood Reds and their satellites. The movie moguls did nothing to pro-

tect them from the insults, slanders and character assassinations of the pro-Communist stooges within the industry. On the contrary, aid and comfort was always forthcoming to the host of Stalin-lovers.

The Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals, founded at the end of 1943 to combat "the rising tide of communism, fascism and kindred beliefs" was looked upon with disfavor (and often outright hostility) by the movie moguls. Yet these same men had given their blessings and favors to such pro-Communist organizations as the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League, the Hollywood League for Democratic Action, the League Against War and Fascism, the American Peace Mobilization and many others. Strange, when one considers that almost without exception Hollywood's capitalists achieved their wealth and power themselves, many of them rising from rags to riches, from poor immigrants to positions of world renown.

When the House Committee on Un-American Activities decided to hold a public hearing on Communist infiltration in Hollywood, the movie moguls did their best to prevent that hearing. "It will hurt the industry, reduce box-office attendance, cut profits," warned the spokesmen of filmland. Using the same appeal, they tried to impress some of the key friendly witnesses that they should make themselves unavailable for the hearings.

All Hollywood lives in a fishbowl—and loves it. But because the spotlight of publicity is always upon it, the motion picture industry is supersensitive to the winds of public opin-

ion. To help regulate those winds in its own favor, Hollywood spends millions of dollars every year for public relations. Yet, by some odd mental quirk or political myopia, the movie moguls refused to see that it was their coddling of the pro-Communists in their midst which was rousing public opinion against them.

James K. McGuinness, the spark plug of the Motion Picture Alliance, and one of the key friendly witnesses, declared recently: "Since every Hollywood divorce becomes infidelity multi-magnified; since any stray character among us who celebrates with a highball too much is a participant in a bacchanalian revel—you can imagine what significance Americans elsewhere attach to those foolish co-workers of ours who lend their prestige to organizations which loyal men hold treasonable." He added that people in all walks of life with whom he had talked resented the way Hollywood had coddled those who preferred communism to Americanism.

"We the people who pay admission to the box-office pay your people thousands of dollars a week, and how do they show their gratitude? By belittling our country, and when they belittle our country, they belittle us—by being on the side of our enemies. That's ingratitude, and we want no part of it, or of the people guilty of it."

THAT ATTITUDE which McGuinness found so prevalent in all parts of the United States—and which many other journalists have also commented upon—undoubtedly had a direct effect on the box-office. The slump in

movie attendance during the past 18 months has been the greatest ever recorded. The net result has been an unparalleled decline in motion picture production and employment. Almost one-third of the people who were formerly employed in the industry are now out of work. Profits have dropped, and the movie moguls are sweating it out trying to cut costs and revive the industry.

The slump in motion picture attendance is obviously the result of many natural factors, not just of the adverse publicity growing out of the Washington hearings. Nor must we overlook the degree to which overseas markets in Britain, France and the rest of Europe have shrunk or dried up.

The movie moguls, in too many instances, rationalized themselves into believing that the slump would never have occurred if the hearings, with their attendant widespread publicity, had not taken place. As a consequence they turned in resentment and anger against the men and women who had pioneered in the battle against the Communists in Hollywood instead of against the pro-Communists who were wrecking the industry.

In the months immediately following the Washington hearings, the friendly witnesses became almost pariahs in Hollywood, and were shunned as though they were lepers by the heads of the industry. McGuinness, who had long been second in command at the MGM studios, found himself replaced by Dore Schary, who had never opposed the Communists. Richard Macaulay, Fred Niblo, Jr. and John C. Moffitt, screen writers of long standing, who had fought the

Communists in the Screen Writers Guild over a period of years, found themselves unemployed. Moffitt also lost his position as movie critic for *Esquire* magazine. Morrie Ryskind, Pulitzer Prize-winning dramatist and long one of Hollywood's ablest screen writers, found his services unwanted, though prior to the Washington hearings he had been forced to turn down many of the jobs offered him.

Adolphe Menjou—for twenty years a sure-fire star of the first magnitude—ran into difficulties in getting assignments for the first time in his motion picture career.

Others among the friendly witnesses did not suffer direct economic pressure, but they were all nevertheless subjected to vicious smear campaigns. Among these were actors Robert Montgomery, Gary Cooper and Robert Taylor; writers Ayn Rand and Rupert Hughes; producers Leo McCarey, Sam Wood and Walt Disney. Lela Rogers, mother of Ginger Rogers, claimed that her daughter suffered because Mrs. Rogers had been an outspoken foe of communism and had testified in Washington.

Roy Brewer, the Hollywood representative of the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees, emerged from the Washington hearings in a stronger position than ever before. Brewer and the union he represented had been engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the Communists in the motion picture industry for several years. But they had reduced that Communist influence to impotence just before the hearings in the fall of 1947.

Now, it is quite possible that some

of these people would have lost their jobs anyway, due to retrenchments in the industry. On the other hand, it is significant that hundreds of writers with less ability and less seniority were retained in their positions. For many months the feeling was widespread in Hollywood that the friendly witnesses had been discriminated against. Be that as it may, it is certainly true that the heads of the industry at no time gave them public recognition or thanks for the work they had done in trying to save the industry from further Communist infiltration. There were no plaques, no medals, no testimonial dinners given to these courageous men and women.

The "Unfriendly Ten"

WHAT HAS happened to those ten noble, self-sacrificing geniuses of the cinema who defied the Un-American Activities Committee in Washington? Do you recall the fuss and fury raised by radio commentators, newspaper columnists, preachers, teachers and social workers against the "dictatorial and inquisitorial tactics" of the Committee? Delegations of staunch patriots descended upon Washington—the largest, noisiest and most spectacular of them from Hollywood itself, led by John Garfield and Humphrey Bogart. "Don't you know," these film stars demanded, "that you are smearing and persecuting our finest writing and directorial talent?" And they implied that the fate of the whole motion picture industry rested in the hands of these ten men.

The ten willingly donned the robes of martyrdom "to defend those rights

for which our forefathers fought and bled." They were compared with Joan of Arc, Galileo, the Pilgrim Fathers, Patrick Henry, and "the embattled farmers of Concord and Lexington." Theirs, we were told, was the Spirit of '76 brought to life in 1947. It was all very touching.

Soon after the Washington hearing ended, the Motion Picture Producers Association announced through its president, Eric Johnston, that the "unfriendly ten" would no longer be employed by any of its affiliates. This let loose a new furor. "Not only are we persecuted for our ideas, but now we are to be starved to death as well!"

Let us look more closely at the whole picture. The ten had been employed by the Hollywood motion picture studios for periods ranging from six to twelve years. It is doubtful if even the lowest salary any of them received during 1946 and 1947 was less than \$1,250 per week. Most of them were drawing two or three times that amount. They were, without a doubt, the most highly paid "proletarians" in the world.

That the "unfriendly ten" placed a high value upon their creative talents may be judged by the amount of damages they have just asked for in their lawsuits against the Motion Picture Producers Association and its member companies. Screen director Edward Dmytryk tops the list. He asks for \$8,350,275. Next comes screen writer Dalton Trumbo, who demands \$7,233,000, followed closely by Ring Lardner, Jr., with a request for \$7,147,500. Adrian Scott wants \$6,942,600; Lester Cole wants \$6,435,000, and Albert Maltz \$3,750,000. The re-

maining four—John Howard Lawson, Herbert Biberman, Samuel Ornitz and Alvah Bessie—ask a mere piddling \$3,000,000 each.

Can it be that the slump in motion pictures is due to the fact that these ten are no longer contributing masterpieces to the screen? What were some of the magnificent creations they gave to the world while they were employed by Hollywood?

Edward Dmytryk directed five pictures during 1945-46-47: *Murder, My Sweet*, *Till the End of Time*, *Back to Bataan*, *Cornered*, *Crossfire*, *Boston Blackie*, *Hitler's Children*, *Golden Gloves*, *The Devil Commands*, *Confessions of a Television Spy*.

Adrian Scott's bid for immortality rests upon: *Miss Susie Slagle's, Farewell My Lovely*, *My Pal Wolf*, *We Go Fast*, *Parson of Panimint* and *Keeping Company*.

Ring Lardner, Jr. contributed his bit to a better world by writing the screen plays for *Forever Amber* and *Cloak and Dagger*. Dalton Trumbo gave us *Jealousy*, *Our Vines Have Tender Grapes* and *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*.

Lester Cole takes credit for *Men in Her Diary*, *Blood on the Sun*, *Strange Conquest*, *The High Wall*, *Fiesta*, *The Romance of Rosy Ridge*, *Love Technique*, *If I Had a Million* and *Footsteps in the Dark*. Albert Maltz wrote *Pride of the Marines* and *Naked City*. Herbert Biberman is responsible for *Together Again*, *King of Chinatown*, *Road to Yesterday*, *Master Race*, *Action in Arabia* and *New Orleans*.

Alvah Bessie's fertile brain came up with *Smart Women*, *Northern Pursuit*, *The Very Thought of You* and *Ob-*

jective Burma. John Howard Lawson's contributions to the screen during the past few years include *Counter-Attack*, *Smash-up*, *The Story of A Woman*, *Goodbye Love*, *Blushing Bride*, *Bachelor Apartment*, *Success at Any Price* and *Party Wire*. Samuel Ornitz gave Hollywood *China's Little Devils*, *They Live Again* and *Circumstantial Evidence*.

Such is the record! Not one truly great screen-play from the lot of them. Instead, an outpouring of mediocrity, even by Hollywood's low standards. The plots are hackneyed, the characters corny, the dialogue dull. Yet they drew top salaries; they enjoyed prestige out of all proportion to their ability, and they were for a period of years a tremendous power in the industry. Their short stories, stage plays, novels and other writings are, with one or two notable exceptions, on a par with the poor quality of their output for the screen.

THE TEN have not been idle during the past twenty months. Edward Dmytryk signed up for a lucrative job with the J. Arthur Rank organization in England, and is still there. He is supposed to be directing *Christ in Concrete*. When protests were made to the British film magnate, Rank is said to have replied: "Before I employed Mr. Dmytryk I asked him whether he believed in God. He said that he did, so I hired him. No man who believes in God can be a Communist."

Adrian Scott has also been working in England. The *People's World*, Communist West Coast daily, reported on February 8 that he was negotiating

with Film Classics to film Albert Maltz's new novel, and that he also had an interest in Millen Brand's novel, *Albert Sears*, and was ready to go into production "very soon."

Ring Lardner, Jr. took on a job in Switzerland, where he wrote a picture for Lazar Wechsler, which was to star Cornel Wilde and the French actress, Josette Day.

Albert Maltz devoted himself to writing a novel, *The Strange Journey of Simon McKeever*. It was praised highly by all the left-wing critics but got only faint praise from the others. A tremendous hue and cry was raised in Hollywood recently by all the pro-Communist organizations because this novel, which had been purchased by 20th Century-Fox for \$35,000, was not to be filmed. I understand that this decision was reached only after large numbers of public-spirited citizens and veterans' groups vigorously protested having a film made from Maltz's book. The Hollywood Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, as well as Maltz himself, cried out that this action smacked of Hitler's book-burning orgies in 1933-34. Actually, every studio in Hollywood has on hand scores of books which it purchased but never filmed.

Dalton Trumbo wrote a play, *The Biggest Thief in Town*, which Lee Sabinson produced on Broadway this spring. The play was a complete flop and didn't get beyond nine performances. Lester Cole also applied himself to writing a play, *Your Hand in Mine*. *The People's World* declared that several Broadway producers had expressed serious interest in it—but to date that interest has not reached

the point of planning for production.

Alvah Bessie has become a trustee of the new California Labor School Writers Project, which is entirely Communist controlled. He has also written numerous articles for *Masses and Mainstream*. Samuel Ornitz has been busy lecturing on Jewish history and culture, as well as writing a book on the history of anti-Semitism.

John Howard Lawson is completing a new history of the United States. Said the *People's World*: "Here, for the first time, will the broad sweep of events from earliest Colonial times to date, be presented in terms of the social conflicts that produced them." Lawson has also delivered a series of lectures on American history to the fellow-travelers of Hollywood.

All of the "unfriendly ten" have been speaking at public meetings and rallies all over the country, presenting their case and raising funds for their legal defense. Several hundred thousand dollars have been collected.

HAVE any of these ten publicly repudiated their long and intimate contact with the array of Communist front organizations which were read into the record at Washington? A careful check on their public utterances and writings indicates that they remain as firmly attached as ever to Stalinist ideology. I have been unable to find that any of them has spoken or written a word criticizing Soviet advances into western Europe or Asia, or slave labor camps behind the Iron Curtain. On the contrary, there is ample material to show that they have exalted the advance of Soviet imperialism, and that they have accepted the

position that Communists of all countries must, in case of war, give their prime loyalty to the Soviet Union. The ten, who have been so loud in their demands to speak and write what they wish wherever and whenever they wish, have at the same time hastened to defend the Kremlin purges of writers, artists, musicians, historians, economists and scientists for failing to conform to party edicts.

Maltz, Lawson, Bessie, Ornitz and the rest have publicly opposed and denounced American military aid to Greece and Turkey. They have fought the Marshall Plan, the European Recovery Program, the Berlin airlift and the North Atlantic Pact. They ardently supported Henry Wallace during his Presidential campaign. They have supported every drive, every front organization and every smear campaign organized or dominated by the Communist Party. Many of them have appeared on the same platform with Gerhart Eisler and other indicted top foreign Communists operating in this country.

Last year rumors were afloat in Hollywood that some of the motion picture companies had arranged secretly to re-employ a few of the ten, in spite of the decision of the Motion Picture

Producers Association. Rumor had it that they were working on scripts in their homes and were carried on the company payrolls under fictitious names. I heard these charges made in public meetings on several occasions. But I have never been able to verify them, and I doubt their authenticity.

That the "unfriendly ten" still have some powerful friends within the motion picture industry is undoubtedly true. But the number has grown smaller with each succeeding month.

The influence of these ten writers and directors in the Hollywood colony —so potent two years ago that hundreds of actors, writers and even executives feared to cross them — has steadily diminished. The momentary wave of sympathy created for them by slick propaganda in late 1947 faded away during 1948.

Ambitious young actors and writers now find it advisable to shun the Actors Laboratory Theater, the Hollywood Writers Mobilization and other Communist front organizations. The Screen Writers Guild, which had been completely dominated by Lawson, Trumbo, Maltz and the rest for a number of years, is at last functioning under a leadership which repudiates communism.

I THINK we all believe in and want to protect our civil liberties. But I also feel that we didn't get the Bill of Rights in order to protect quislings . . . against the rights of American citizens, because they do assail our rights. They use the techniques of character assassination, and if they ever get control of the screen or of the country, it won't be just characters they will assassinate.

MORRIE RYSKIND, *testifying on communism in Hollywood, 1947*

HITLER AIDE—STALIN SPY

By GUENTHER REINHARDT

HITLER's chief agent in Russian affairs, a confidant of Joachim von Ribbentrop and Alfred Rosenberg with whom he shared offices in the German Foreign Ministry, was a master-spy in the service of Stalin.

This almost incredible revelation, before which the disclosures of the Judith Coplon and Alger Hiss trials pale, is only matched by the story of the Soviet spy prodigy, Richard Sorge. It will be recalled (PLAIN TALK, May 1948, "Soviet-American Spy Prodigies") that Sorge had been planted by the Kremlin in the German Embassy in Tokyo where he had a hand in shaping momentous international policies.

The Soviet prodigy in the inner sanctum of the Nazi Foreign Office was Alexander Sevriuk, a Ukrainian by birth who, as a young student, had been active in the Russian Social Revolutionary Party in Kiev. Shortly after the overthrow of the Czar, Sevriuk blossomed out as one of the most uncompromising leaders of the Ukrainian Separatist movement which is predicated upon the dismemberment of Russia and the setting up of an independent Ukraine.

As the picture unfolds from secret German documents now in the hands of American authorities, Sevriuk was an ideal aide for the German military intelligence. The history of this hitherto unrevealed masterstroke of espionage begins with Admiral Wilhelm W. Canaris, chief of Nazi intelligence

and one of the world's most astute secret service manipulators.

Early in 1933 Canaris considered himself very lucky when he acquired the services of an outstanding figure of the anti-Soviet Ukrainian nationalist movement. Alexander, or, as his friends called him, Sascha Sevriuk had a long record as a leader in his countrymen's struggle for independence, as an indomitable fighter against the Soviets. He was believed to possess an excellent information network within the Ukraine, and German intelligence had what it thought was a complete dossier on him. Admiral Canaris was not taking any chances, and he was sure that in Sevriuk he had found a perfect man for the job.

AS SOON AS Hitler came to power he began to blueprint his own *Drang nach Osten*. In the Nazi plans the Ukrainian nationalists were an important factor. With the bait of autonomy dangled before them, they were to be utilized first as channels of espionage, then as rebels against the Soviets and ultimately as Gauleiters for the Ukraine. Thus that land—the intended breadbasket for the projected New Order—was to be taken over.

The Germans had tried that tack once before, in 1917. After the failure of their puppet rule in the Ukraine, its chief, Hetman P. Skoropadsky, was kept on ice in Berlin for some future eventualities. The Germans also sup-

ported a branch of the Ukrainian Nationalist Organization, a military terrorist group harking back to the early 1920's.

Neither of these two avenues was considered of much practical use by the hard-headed planners of the German General Staff. The Hetman organization by 1933 had developed a decided monarchist tinge. Besides, its usefulness was impaired by Skoropadsky's open entanglement with Goering's political adventures. The other group, the Ukrainian Nationalist branch in Germany, contained too many elements which conflicted with the aims of the Nazi politicians and military men.

It appears from the German documents in American possession that with Hitler's rise the German General Staff launched active planning for war against Russia. From a practical standpoint that meant that the operations group in German military intelligence was in need of a topnotch Ukrainian expert adviser and liaison man. He would have to be a person with a following who could deliver the goods.

Sascha Sevriuk was the answer to the Nazi prayers. He had the background, he had the connections, he was reliable and efficient — and he showed up at the most opportune moment. Sevriuk had just "escaped" by a hair's breadth from the clutches of the GPU.

This fearless fighter for Ukrainian independence had made a daring trip into the Ukraine in 1932 and had almost fallen into the hands of the Soviet secret police. Such was the buildup which preceded Sevriuk's entry upon Hitler's diplomatic stage. He

had just published a series of blistering anti-Soviet articles in the Ukrainian newspaper *Dilo* of Lwow, Poland. These articles were duly read by Admiral Canaris' assistants. They noted that in addition to their effective anti-Soviet propaganda, the pieces contained much recent and accurate inside information that could have come only from a first-rate intelligence network. Canaris' overtures to Sevriuk and their agreement to work together followed quickly.

ALEXANDER SEVRIUK was a native of Lutsk, in the Polish Ukraine. He had been a member of the Ukrainian delegation at the Brest-Litovsk Peace Conference in 1918, and signed the separate peace treaty with the Germans. The following year young Sascha was appointed Ukrainian Ambassador to Vienna. During the ensuing decade, after the establishment of Soviet rule in the Ukraine, he visited many of the capitals of western Europe on various diplomatic missions, and gradually rose to become one of the top figures among Ukrainian patriots in exile.

Possessing a magnetic personality, exceptional shrewdness and boundless energy, he was identified in Paris with the Ukrainian Separatist "government in exile." He was regarded by its leaders, "Prime Minister" V. Prokopolovich and "ministers" A. Shougin [not to be confused with the famous economist Prokopolovich and the Kiev editor Shougin] and A. Lotocky, as a member of their inner circle. In Warsaw Sascha was equally at home with Andreas Lewicky, the president of the Ukrainian Republican move-

ment who, on December 4, 1919, had signed a pact with Marshal Pilsudski promising the Ukrainians independence. By 1925 there was hardly an anti-Communist organization of Russian émigrés in Europe in which Sevriuk did not have his contact men or agents and with which he did not confer regularly. It could never have occurred to any of his collaborators that they were working with one of the Soviet's ace operatives.

Sascha Sevriuk, during all his strenuous political activities, also found time to make quite a reputation for himself as a connoisseur of good vintages and beautiful women. He settled down and married a charming and highly intelligent Frenchwoman. The captured German documents on Sevriuk show that his brother-in-law in 1916 was connected with the Ukrainian information bureau in Switzerland. It is an interesting sidelight that the Soviet-Ukraine's present Foreign Minister and bigwig of the Comintern, Z. Manuilsky, was also with the Ukrainian office in Switzerland in 1916.

But family life could not tie Sevriuk down for long. His activities on behalf of Ukrainian nationalism kept him traveling throughout Europe. In Warsaw he had long had as one of his most valued collaborators Colonel N. Chebotarev, a former Russian Social Democrat who served the Polish secret service as an anti-Communist expert. In Rome Sevriuk became a close friend of Dr. Enrico Insabato, Mussolini's specialist on Ukrainian and Black Sea problems.

When Admiral Canaris signed him up, it did not take Sevriuk long to

win friends and influence in the very top circles in Berlin. In time he reached a level on which he was able to play one high Nazi official against the other. Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel made him his adviser and Gestapo chief Heinrich Himmler frequently consulted him. There was nothing in the high German circles that concerned the Soviet Union—be it information, plans or policy—to which Sevriuk was not privy.

His star rose even higher after the war began. In the wake of the conquering German armies, he visited Warsaw. There he was honored by a banquet given by the Nazi Governor Frank and the Orthodox Metropolitan Dionysius, and his old collaborator Andreas Lewicky. The latter from then on worked for the Nazis. Trips to Rome, Prague, Vienna, Bucharest and half a dozen other capitals followed. Wherever he went new intelligence networks of Ukrainians sprang up for Admiral Canaris.

Alexander Sevriuk had become one of the all-powerful men of the Nazi regime. The crowning glory of his career came in 1940. Sevriuk went to Paris after the fall of France and had the Germans jail his former colleagues, Professor A. Shougin and Professor W. Borstchak. Both had formed the Ukrainian Democratic National Government in France and had called upon Ukrainian émigrés in England and France to fight Hitler. To his victims it would have been inconceivable that they had been betrayed to the Gestapo by an agent of Moscow.

A few weeks later an official German communiqué announced that the great Ukrainian patriot and valued

consultant of the German Government, Alexander Sevriuk, had been killed in a railroad accident between Berlin and Warsaw. The crash had been so terrible and the ensuing fire so fierce that Mr. Sevriuk's body could not be recovered, the announcement said.

However, the American FBI did not place much stock in this announcement. It took no chances and during the next three months made sure by painstaking checking that Alexander Sevriuk had not perchance slipped into this country or into Canada.

The information which had reached Washington that Sevriuk had not died in the railroad accident was correct. But what our authorities did not know and what has now been revealed in the secret German documents is that Alexander Sevriuk was executed by a Wehrmacht firing squad two days before that railroad accident.

It can now be told that Sascha did lose his life through an accident. Two months after the Germans entered Paris in 1940, some of their intelligence agents ferreted out a minute part of the French secret service files which had accidentally been left behind intact when the government fled the city. Among those few French intelligence dossiers which thus fell into the Nazis' hands was the dossier on Sevriuk. On superficial examination, the file looked as good as the Sevriuk record in Admiral Canaris' office. But because the French document dealt with one of Germany's top agents, a German intelligence officer studied it thoroughly. He discovered a tiny lead that pointed to Switzerland. Canaris ordered it followed up, not because he

was suspicious of Sevriuk, but because the item, insignificant as it was, was not included in the supposedly complete German dossier on Sevriuk. Canaris prided himself on the infallibility of the records he kept of the people who worked for him.

Two of Canaris' righthand men went to Switzerland. When they reported back to the admiral, he had in his hands incontrovertible evidence that Alexander Sevriuk was and had been for twenty years a top agent of the Soviet secret service.

When Sevriuk made an underground journey to the Ukraine shortly before going to work for Hitler, it had not been for the purpose of stirring up trouble for the Soviets but to confer with none other than his fellow Ukrainian and Comintern boss, Z. Manuilsky, lately of United Nations fame. And if, when describing his "escape" at that time from Soviet Russia after his "daring foray," he was being pursued by the GPU, it was apparently just a friendly game of tag with accommodating colleagues of the secret police!

BUT MORE than that: Canaris also had proof now that for over seven years Sevriuk had passed along to the Soviets every bit of information that came into his possession while working as a trusted German agent. Furthermore, in many matters where the Germans had sought his advice, Sevriuk had communicated with his people in Russia and then, after receiving instructions from them, had given the Germans advice—dictated in Moscow!

That much of the intelligence procured for the Germans by Sevriuk was

deliberately planted by the Soviet secret service became self-evident to the Nazis after this shocking dénouement.

On the day Alexander Sevriuk was shot, another leader of the Ukrainian Separatists active in Germany was executed by the Germans. Peter Kozhevnikov, vice-chairman of the governing board of the Ukrainian Nationalist movement in Berlin, was shown by the same evidence that incriminated Sevriuk also to have been a high echelon GPU officer. His mission during all the years he worked for the Nazis had been—to keep tabs on Alexander Sevriuk for the Soviet secret service, just in case the high-spirited Sascha should ever take it into his head really to go over to the enemy!

The services which Sevriuk rendered the Kremlin during the years of his work as an undercover agent were history-making. Canaris' own evaluation was that the sum total of Sevriuk's activities had played such an important part in German political and military planning, as well as in intelligence operations and foreign propaganda, that much of it could

never be undone—for better or for worse.

To be sure, this Soviet master-agent planted in the nerve center of German diplomacy and action must have contributed much to the downfall of an evil regime. But who can doubt that today the Politburo is using the same methods in its efforts to destroy the free nations of the world?

Ever since the Soviet spy ring was uncovered in Canada, devastating proof has been accumulating that the Soviets infiltrate their agents into the highest places abroad. An impeccable personal background and a position of high trust are commonplace attributes for useful spies. It has been amply proven that a person's shining record of activities and associations is no guarantee whatsoever that he isn't a scout for the other team.

If the Soviets have been shown to be masters in the art of planting their people in the inner councils and the high command of such totalitarian regimes as the Mikado's and Hitler's governments, how much easier must it be for them to worm their way into the most vital and least suspected corners of the democratic countries.

Life Under Father

Moscow, July 10—Lieut. Gen. Vassily Josephovitch Stalin, son of Premier Stalin, told reporters that Soviet pilots fly "farther, faster and higher" than any others in the world. Every Soviet plane, he said, embodies in some way the suggestions and guidance of "Comrade Stalin, the great leader who closely watches the work of Soviet designers."

Hail to the Stalin airplane,
The swiftest in the sky!
The Wall Street gang is jealous
When proletarians fly.

Our Soviet designers
Are never at a loss;
Why do they show such genius?
Because my Pop's the boss!

M.T.W.



The Ideological Mark

THOSE who read leftist literature, whether as a duty or as a diversion, all agree that the further you go into the deep left, the easier the stuff is to read—once you have mastered the patois. The far-leftist doctrinaires know just what they believe and what they want; so one learns in time to know what they will say of every current problem and why. It is the ideological borderline boys and girls, the self-anointed "liberals," who are hardest to read because, having no political faith except a purely glandular humanitarianism, they never know where they are or where they are going. So following them is like tracing the movements of a flea on the hide of a long-haired dog. As a one-time student of ancient Teutonic institutions, I always think of them as denizens of the ideological mark.

Lest that mean nothing to the reader, let me explain. From scraps of information in Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian and continental Germanic legal lore, one learns that the primordial Teutons found it impossible for tribes to live at peace with other tribes when their fields, pastures or hunting grounds were actually contiguous. They therefore delimited belts of no-man's-land between them. Such a strip, usually wooded, which neither party

to a treaty invaded, but within which exiled bad characters from both parties, whom neither wanted, hunted for a living, fought each other and raided both ways, was known as a mark. From the denizens of the mark the tribes on either side expected loyalty to the tradition of neither, and no good faith in traffic with either. That is so precisely the situation of the "liberals" in the ideological world today, that we are slowly but surely learning to take for granted their dishonesty in political traffic both ways.

As a weekly feature, the *New Republic* always prefaces its own soul-searching with a "Washington Wire," signed T.R.B. Since these initials do not check with those of any advertised staff member, one is free to guess at their significance. Often the wires are too smart and sound to deride. But sometimes I cannot help thinking of them as the "Troubled Reflections of a Boondoggler." At any rate, T.R.B. went scouting into the intellectual mark lately and came out with this in the issue of June 6:

"Last week Harvard economist Seymour Harris gave this thumbnail comparison of the US and British budgets that is worth cutting out and pondering. UK per capita income \$800, US \$1600; UK taxes account for 40 percent of its income, US only 25 per-

cent. UK defense takes 7.5 percent of income, US 6.5 percent. UK social service takes 8.5 percent of income, US only 4 percent. And yet it's charged that the US cannot afford better schools, health and care!"

I have been able to ponder this without clipping it. The first fruit of my pondering is the observation that, within this paragraph, there are no quotation marks. I'll assume that though Harris was not directly quoted, the figures are his—rash as that assumption is in dealing with a "liberal." But what about that last sentence? Did Harris say that? Since there is nothing to set it apart from the paraphrase of his figures, the innocent reader's natural assumption would be that he did. But the betting is that he did not. What that sentence says is that to enjoy Britain's abundant social services, we need only tax ourselves down to Britain's standard of living. Is that what Seymour Harris is advocating? Maybe; but probably not. It looks much more like one of those little "liberal" sneak raids on us simple folk out of the ideological mark.

The "Smear Nehru" Build-up

NO ONE who reads Stalinist publicity has to strain his memory to mind the time when Pandit Nehru, rebel against British imperialism and distinguished guest in British-Indian jails, was a bright star in the Red firmament. No such person has to think far back to remember when Pandit Nehru was a sympathetic understander of the great Soviet Russian experiment in applied socialism. His

sister was India's first diplomatic agent in Moscow. She is not there now. She is in Washington.

Most of India's very small, but very vociferous and violent Communist Party, obeyed a Muscovite directive (of which Nehru got a copy) to step out in the spring of 1948 and raise hell. Most of that party is today in jail. Practically all its publications are defunct. In his very quiet way, as he rests one elbow on a machine-gun, lifelong Socialist Nehru gives assurance that the Indian Communist's right to free assembly and free speech are right there on the table in front of him, like so much rice and curry, only cheaper. May he enjoy them. But his rights to hell-raising just don't exist. That is not political food; it is hashish. India prohibits hashish. So there!

About two months ago, when Nehru seemed to be hinting that he could, at need, line up 19 Asiatic peoples against Muscovite aggression—an interpretation which the Muscovites put on his pronouncements before anyone else gave them much thought—our own New York *Daily Worker* ran at least two "smear-Nehru" pieces a week. Chiang Kai-shek first and Nehru next, was the slogan. Then there came a long period of dead silence about Nehru. Now the slow heat is coming on again. If you belong to a sewing circle, which has been moved by a letter from the Rev. Amos Bogbottom on the stationery of the Hands Across the Table Peace Union, to make "peace" your theme of the season, you are about due for a lecture on the horrors of life in India under the ruthless, utterly corrupt and fascist Nehru government.

According to the *Daily Worker* of June 3, "The Fur Dressers and Dyers Joint Board has cabled India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru to halt the 'reign of terror' against labor and peasant leaders and intellectuals. The repressive drive has 'already resulted in the jailing of 25,000 progressives and a hunger strike led by the president and vice-president of the All-India Trade Union Congress'."

There was a further "demand" quoted that until these progressives are freed they should be treated as political prisoners. Then on June 7 there appeared a report from Peiping in which it is said that: "The three-million-strong All-China Federation of Labor has protested recent killings and arrests of unionists and political progressives in India, where more than 25,000 workers are now in jail. . . . Such brutal treatment cannot be pardoned by friends of democracy and by the laboring people of the world. . . . We believe that, with the firm support of peace-loving people throughout the world, the Indian people will surely and swiftly win true freedom."

It is of course no coincidence that New York's fur workers, who have no vested interest in India and no direct knowledge of events there, and the Kremlin's Chinese fifth columnists, who get their Indian news from Moscow, should pretend to be equally wroth with Nehru for suppressing riots ordered by Moscow and jailing rioters and inciters to riot. Undoubtedly a smear-Nehru prescription has gone out of the Kremlin to Communist parties the world over. The actual timing of the attacks, so that they may come in a certain order from

widely separated points, and may thus give the impression of a worldwide revulsion of feeling against the Indian "terror," is probably prescribed as well. Every one of these will be supplied, through discreet intermediaries, to the Rev. Amos Bogbottom, and a hundred kindred persons in our pious nincompoopage, with access to hundreds of organizations of the well intentioned; so that, if it should so happen that Nehru were to organize a stop-Stalinism campaign in Asia, the machinery for a smear-Nehru campaign in America would start with the throwing of a switch in Union Square.

Rallying Round in Foley Square

IT is lucky for the eleven Communist Party leaders in Judge Medina's court that their blatant lawyers are not appealing to a jury of non-Stalinist Marxists against the charge that they seek to overthrow the government by force and violence. That is unthinkable, of course, because they would not be chosen. With the single exception of the Communist Party, which applauded the conviction of 18 Trotskyists under the Smith Act nearly ten years ago, and then vociferously approved that Act, under which they are now being tried, there is probably no Socialist sect that has not denounced that Act as unconstitutional. So it now happens that the Communist Party leaders, who can say nothing against the constitutionality of the Act, in which they once took public delight, but must contend that they have not violated it, have the moral support of all the Marxist groups because the latter denounce the Act and the trial of anybody under it.

Naturally the latter's legalistic opposition to the trial of a gang of human hyenas, as they pronounce them, elicits nothing but abuse in the *Daily Worker* toward those Socialist Party, Socialist Labor Party (DeLeonist) and Trotskyist observers in the courtroom. Naturally again, the publications of these nettled groups say grimly that if it were any crime to violate the Smith Act what a good time they would have sending these bogus Marxists and truders of socialism to the rockpile. *Weekly People* (DeLeonist) of June 18, gives nearly three columns on its editorial page to this very congenial theme, under the headline "Apropos of Force and Violence."

After making it elaborately clear that, while the Socialist Labor Party cannot support the prosecution of anybody under the Smith Act, it cannot let the Stalinists get away with their pretense that they are peace loving, law abiding Socialist missionaries; and, after quoting from the incendiary past writings of William Zig-zag Foster, the article serves up the following in the closing paragraphs:

"Foster says the Communists do not now, and never did, advocate 'the establishment of Socialism by force and violence.' Only in one sense is this a correct statement. The Communists do not now, and never did, advocate the establishment of Socialism *period*. What the Communists advocate is Stalinism disguised as Socialism and Stalinism is merely the dictatorship of a bureaucracy through the apparatus of a Stalinist State. . . . For obvious reasons the Stalinists are now trying to pose as devout believers in peaceful and civilized methods. In so

far as the pose is intended to deceive a jury and judge, we are not concerned about it; but when the Stalinists try to pull the 'peaceful and democratic' wool over the eyes of the workers, it is clearly the Socialist's duty to expose them for what they are—anarchist-Communist agents of Stalinist despotism trying, for expedient reasons, to get into sheep's clothing."

To say that this is characteristic of the "moral support" which the Stalinists are getting from the five or six schools of Socialist sectarians in this country would be to ask for trouble. They are proud to agree on nothing and to cooperate in nothing; but as they rally 'round the Stalinists in Foley Square, they come to the fray in roughly parallel lines. So the reader should not find it hard to understand why the Communist Party has little gratitude for that rallying 'round.

"The Big Lie" and the Bigger

DURING the past few years, while it was Soviet policy in the satellites to embarrass the British by facilitating the exodus of Jews to Palestine and, later, to support the creation and recognition of Israel in the United Nations for the same reason, it has naturally seemed impolitic to American Jewry, both non-Communist and hotly anti-Communist, to antagonize Soviet Russia in any way. That era is closed. And it was not closed on the initiative of any large body of opinion in either Tel Aviv or New York—both of which have recently been denounced in Russia as sources of inspiration of "cosmopolitan" Jewish tendencies inside the Soviet Union. It has been closed by definite and frank

suppression of all groups and institutions serving the exodus from the Balkans to Israel; by a great variety of discriminatory measures against highly placed Jews in Soviet Russia; and, finally, by a strong new Soviet disposition to cultivate the Arabs.

One development that may be contributing very largely to the Kremlin's to-hell-with-the-Jews attitude has been the extremely "ungrateful" attitude toward Stalin within Israel. The Party there is a mess and is going down. The "Hebrew," "Palestinian" and Arab elements in it, all too small singly to have any influence in government or labor, have been blown so widely apart by inconsequential disputes that they may never again coalesce. So, while New York bristles with resentment of growing evidence of Kremlin anti-Semitism, Israel gives less and less promise of becoming an instrument of Soviet policy in the Middle East.

Of that one learns nothing from Communist publications in this country. It is not traceable to American influence and there is little that the American Communist Party can do about it. So why expose it here? But, according to George Morris, the *Daily Worker's* labor expert, there has been a much more serious development in Israel, which Moscow might possibly call to the attention of the American C.P. in an unpleasant way. He writes: "A Tel Aviv dispatch (Allied Labor News) reports that the ruling forces in Israel's Federation of Labor gave instruction for the withdrawal of the organization from the World Federation of Trade Unions. This action was taken on 'pressure' of a CIO delega-

tion (Jacob Potofsky and Joe Curran) who told Israel's unionists that U. S. government aid would be jeopardized if they remained in the WFTU."

Nothing is less likely than that a two-man American deputation—fifty percent rough-hewn at that—could "pressure" Israel's Labor Federation into withdrawal from the Soviet controlled WFTU, which the leaders knew Moscow would resent bitterly and viciously, unless their minds were fully prepared for it by their knowledge of the treatment of the Jews in the satellite states. But of course the grievously distressed American C.P. has to put all the blame for the publicity which Soviet anti-Semitism has been getting in American Jewry on warmongering Wall Street and have every pro-Communist Jewish organization and publication denounce "The Big Lie," the title of a pamphlet by Moses Miller.

Typical of the panicky rhetoric of these denunciations are the following sentences at the end of that pamphlet put out by *Jewish Life*, a Communist monthly: "Those who know that there is no cause for war other than the rapacious appetites of profit-mad imperialists, who will stop at nothing even if it means rebuilding fascism all over again, have to be deceived, if they are to be won over to the war camp. To this end no lie is too big, no slander too great. And, of all the lies, the one about anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union is one of the dirtiest and foulest ever spewed out by minds distorted by venom and hatred."

That's how badly the Kremlin's to-hell-with-the-Jews line has scared its denatured Jewish apologists in this country.

PETRONIUS MINOR

Facts vs. Fancies Behind Gunther's Curtain

In our previous issue two leading authorities subjected to factual examination John Gunther's reports on Hungary and Yugoslavia appearing in his current best-seller Behind the Curtain. Here we conclude the analysis by submitting Gunther's account of his visits to Poland and Czechoslovakia to similar examination by authors who are eminently qualified to deal with data relating to both countries.

III. POLAND

IN JOHN GUNTHER's book there are two chapters devoted to Poland. They make easy reading, and the author shows deep sympathy for the past sufferings of the Poles. Unfortunately, there is hardly anything else in these 38 pages for which the book could be commended.

The concluding sentence runs as follows: "As things have worked out the country is still—of course—a complete dictatorship." This conclusion comes as a surprise, for nothing in the preceding 38 pages would justify such an accusation.

"People's" Poland in Mr. Gunther's picture is a land of milk and honey, ruled by Polish patriots who camouflage themselves as Communists in order to prevent Russia from taking over the country. In the words of an unnamed informant of Gunther's: "There is less suppression under this regime than under Pilsudski and the colonels." Indeed, if there are now any shortcomings in Poland, Mr. Gunther is inclined to blame them upon the prewar administration or on the Nazi occupation. Here are a few examples:

The roads are bad in Poland because "the prewar landowners sought

By ADAM K. NIEBIESZCZANSKI

to keep roads bad," says Gunther, unaware that in prewar Poland the business of road construction and repair was in the hands of the state, provincial and district administrations, and the landowners could not do a thing about it.

Sixty-five percent of all farms in prewar Poland (a highly debatable figure) were not self-subsistent, Gunther says in an attempt to extol Communist land reform. He does not mention, however, the fact that in "people's" Poland 59 percent of all farms are under 12.5 acres and thus are not self-subsistent, while another 26 percent have an area of 12.5 to 25 acres and also fall into the category of "dwarf holdings." Dwelling on the myth of the prewar landowners, the author fails to see that Communist "land reform" had only one purpose: to split individual farms to such an extent as to render them unprofitable and to prepare for the collectivization now in progress.

Housing conditions in devastated Warsaw are described as better than before the war, "sufficient indication of the inadequacies, to put it mildly, of the previous regime." A ridiculous statement. One almost wishes that the

author would live for a while in a cellar of one of the ruined houses—as the majority of Warsaw inhabitants are forced to do—in a few cubic meters of space assigned to him by a Communist housing commission.

In general, Mr. Gunther employs the usual technique of fellow-traveling reporters: he emphasizes the faults of the prewar regime in order to whitewash the present rulers. Well, there are certainly no tears shed by the Poles for the colonels' clique swept from the plains of Poland by the hurricane of history, and the democratic Poles strongly oppose the re-establishment of any semblance of the prewar administration. But the colossal difference between the prewar and the present era lies in the fact that then Warsaw was the center of authority, while now it has shifted to Moscow. After all, Pilsudski and the colonels were Polish patriots, while Bierut and his henchmen owe their loyalty to Stalin. Sketching the life of President Boleslaw Bierut, Gunther pictures him as a victim of the colonels: "[Bierut] was several times arrested by the Pilsudski dictatorship." He was arrested once, in 1933, but soon freed, as a Soviet citizen, in an exchange of political prisoners with the U. S. S. R.

WHILE in Warsaw, Gunther had a look around the city, "did well on two or three types of vodka" in the Hotel Europejski, talked with two Communist chieftains (Jakub Berman and Victor Grosz), had a few anti-American items translated from the controlled Polish press, and read many propaganda pamphlets, apparently given him by Grosz. He might

DISCUSSED THIS MONTH
BEHIND THE CURTAIN. By John Gunther. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$3.00

CRISIS IN EDUCATION, A Challenge to American Complacency. By Bernard Iddings Bell. New York: Whittlesey House. \$3.00

just as well have stayed home and compiled his story from *Poland Today*, the Warsaw Embassy's official publication in this country.

Even the time element of his report is confusing. He mentions, for example, that "[Hilary] Minc is in trouble for alleged Titoism," a rumor which first spread in April of this year. On the other hand, he writes of a separate Polish Socialist Party as one of the four parties of the pro-government coalition, while it is common knowledge that this party had been absorbed by the Communists as early as December, 1948. Enumerating the prominent figures in the administration, Gunther writes: "Another Minister of great rank is Edward Osóbka-Morawski." At the time when Gunther was drinking his vodka in the Europejski, Morawski had been long since purged and dismissed from all positions!

The Poles "turned to" the Communists, according to Mr. Gunther, "out of despair and idealism both; people in despair tend generally to seek (a) something that is formulated, and (b) something they think will help." A nice piece of philosophy. Let us assume for the sake of argument that what Grosz and Berman told Gunther is true and the Poles did turn to the Communists. But perhaps something besides despair and idealism helped

PLAIN TALK

them to accomplish this transition. This something could be the Ministry of Security.

From his list of names and biographical data of the men in power, the author omits the all-powerful Minister of Security, Stanislaw Radkiewicz, head of the Polish branch of the NKVD. To put it mildly, any reporter is lacking in observation who describes life in Poland today and fails to mention Radkiewicz's army of 300,000 uniformed and secret agents, spies and informers; the military courts which four years after the cessation of hostilities continue to try civilians and send them by the score to the gallows; the forced labor camps and the overflowing prisons. Gunther dismisses the Soviet Army of Occupation, estimated sometimes at 250,000 men but never at less than 150,000, as "some Russian troops (though in no great number—'communications troops' they are called.)"

In the field of economics, Gunther relies completely on official figures. He falls for the usual Soviet trick of making comparisons in terms of percentages: "the national income in 1948 showed an advance of not less than 33 percent. . . ." Factories which employ less than fifty workers are, according to the book, still in private hands, and "this figure was later raised." The pamphlet from which Gunther drew this story was at least two years old. If there are any private factories in Poland now, they are allowed to work until the last cent is squeezed from the owners by discriminatory taxation and enforced savings. The latter, commended by the author, are but another form of taxation.

The regime is praised for ending on January 1, 1949, all rationing restrictions and for raising wages by ten percent. But the end of rationing deprived the workers of the privilege of buying basic foods at a low, controlled price. By establishing a free market for all, the government dealt the low income groups a devastating blow. The small increase in wages covers only a fraction of the increased cost of living, and the whole operation had two obvious aims: propaganda for foreign consumption, and a stimulus for the workers to engage in gruelling work contests in an effort to make more money.

GUNTHER'S version of the history of Polish-Soviet relations makes the Soviets look quite humane. The half of Poland annexed by Russia consists of just "marshes and steppes." In his seeming eagerness to exonerate the Soviets, the author has spread the Ukrainian steppes over eastern Poland and wiped off the map the rich oil-fields of Galicia, which, incidentally, never belonged to Russia. Poland is now blessed with a "natural frontier," but the Soviet pincer claws embrace 75 percent of the entire Polish borderline.

Mr. Gunther, of course, does not know who murdered the Polish officers in Katyn. But he knows that General Bor's Warsaw uprising "was sparked off prematurely." Not a word about the Soviet radio's frantic call to arms on the eve of the uprising. "Some bitterly antiregime Poles even go so far as to claim that the Russians deliberately encouraged the Nazis to destroy Warsaw. Of course no statement so monstrously extreme should

be taken seriously. The Russians had no motive for wanting Warsaw destroyed," says Gunther.

Why then did the Russians refuse to permit the British and American air forces to land on Soviet airfields in order to facilitate supply operations? Oh yes, the Soviets had a motive in wanting the insurgents destroyed. By killing thousands of Polish Home Army soldiers the Nazis rendered a signal service to the Soviets. The persecution of the underground soldier, which commenced in 1944 and 1945 with the deportation to Russia of 50,000 patriots, continues until this day. In the first four months of 1949 the Soviet-controlled Polish secret police arrested close to 3,000 former Home Army members, who had revealed their identity in the course of the fraudulent amnesty in 1947. How much more difficult the Soviet task would be without the

slaughter inflicted by the Nazis on the defenders of Warsaw during the 63 days of the uprising!

Mr. Gunther's views on Polish-Soviet relations reach a climax in the following sentence: "The London (Polish) government was anti-Communist; the Lublin government was of course pro-Communist. Finally the two were merged on June 28, 1945, into what was called the Polish Provisional Government of National Unity." A merger implies some sort of fifty-fifty operation. The merger of June 28 was concluded by eighteen men of Lublin plus Mikolajczyk, who was at that time not even a member of the London government.

Eighteen on one side, one on the other! John Gunther's idea of a merger seems symbolic of his entire report on Poland: eighteen fairy tales to one sober fact—his statement about "complete dictatorship."

IV. CZECHOSLOVAKIA

JOHN GUNTHER's chapter on Czechoslovakia resembles the picture of a countryside seen from a speeding train. It is the masterfully written report of a newspaperman with all the virtues and faults characteristic of this kind of political writing.

One of the most tragic periods in the history of a country is described here in a thousand lines, more than half of which concern Benes' funeral, Jan Masaryk's death, economic statistics, and profiles of Czechoslovakia's new rulers. It is thus no wonder that Mr. Gunther's report—partly influenced by clever Communist propa-

By JULIUS FIRT

ganda and partly based on superficial information from non-Communists who expressed their personal feelings rather than supplying documentary and eyewitness testimony—is a far cry from historical facts.

According to Gunther, the Communist coup of February, 1948, came about after "the ministers of the two rightist parties lost their heads and resigned," because the Minister of the Interior would not accept the decision of the Parliament that he reinstate eight non-Communist police chiefs whom he had replaced with Communists. The book continues, "At

first Gottwald, who seemingly did not favor violence himself, tried to persuade Dr. Benes . . . compromise the issue somehow, and still keep some semblance of representative government. But Gottwald's hand was forced by his own extremists. The rightist members of the government bear considerable blame for these proceedings."

Reading these words, an eyewitness of those happenings feels as though he were hearing one of Gottwald's propagandists talking to an American journalist. The facts are different. The order to carry out the coup came from the Cominform after it had become clear that only warnings from Moscow prevented the Czechoslovak Government from participating in the Marshall Plan. It came after the Social Democrats had broken with Fierlinger and thus threatened the Communist majority, based on a coalition with the Social Democrats, in the government and the Parliament. Moreover, by analyzing public opinion, the Communists had reached the conclusion that they would lose the free elections to take place in May.

For this reason, the Communist Minister of the Interior dismissed the non-Communist officers from the police force. The democratic ministers did not "lose their heads" when they resigned after Gottwald had declared that the Minister of the Interior would not carry out the government's decision in connection with the police problem. Besides, the ministers of three, not two, parties were concerned. They resigned after thorough joint deliberation and after a conference with President Benes, which was their last attempt to compel Gottwald to

conduct the government according to the constitution.

Far from trying to "compromise," Gottwald initiated the coup in a public speech. Later, supported by the Soviet press and radio and with Soviet Minister Zorin in Prague, he exerted such pressure on the ailing Benes that the latter finally gave in.

ACCORDING to Gunther, the democratic leaders of Czechoslovakia—whom he consistently calls "bourgeois politicians"—failed chiefly because they were "neglectful, stupid and at each other's throats." This is gossip taken over probably from someone who cautiously abstained from any participation in the struggle. Let us compare it with the facts. Among the leaders of the democratic parties who fought to restore genuine democracy to Czechoslovakia after the war, there were men who had been, until Munich, leaders of a regime which Mr. Gunther commends. Some, but not all, of them believed it would be possible to collaborate peacefully with the U. S. S. R. in building the postwar world. If they were deceived, they were not the only ones among the Allies responsible for Teheran and Yalta.

The non-Communist parties possibly competed with each other more ardently than was necessary in such dangerous times, but it is incorrect to say, for example, that the Catholic party and the Benes party quarreled to such an extent that they actually helped the Communists. The leaders of these two parties were close friends. It is even incorrect, by the way, to call the party which was led by Zenkl, the

Benes party. Benes was a member of that party until he was elected President in 1935, left it at that time, then consistently emphasized that he had allegiance to no party.

The truth is that the Communists seized all key ministries as early as 1945, due to Soviet government pressure on Benes, to the attitude of the Red Army and of Moscow agents during the Soviet occupation of sub-Carpathian Russia, which is Czechoslovak territory. The truth is that Moscow, through the Czechoslovak Communists, forced Benes to appoint as Prime Minister the traitor Fierlinger — whom Gunther describes as a "dupe." Yet Gunther referring to the invasion of Carpathian Russia by the Red Army writes, "Nothing like so overt and intimate a relation developed between Russia and the Czech Communists during the advance, as occurred in the case of Hungary."

Carpathian Russia was ruled from October, 1944 to May, 1945—before Benes arrived there—by the Soviet General Mechlis, whose special task was to make it impossible for the Czechoslovak delegation to administer this region. Mechlis instigated the movement for the separation of Carpathian Russia from Czechoslovakia and liquidated all who opposed it. Mr. Gunther obviously has overlooked the fact that the Soviets, in March, 1945, kept British and American representatives from accompanying Benes on his way home, by the simple expedient of not granting them visas for territory occupied by the Red Army. This, and the fact that General Patton was halted in his march on Prague, created a situation—both actual and

psychological — which enabled the Communists to seize key positions in the central and local governments, the police, the army and the national economy.

THE ELECTIONS of May 26, 1946, according to the author, were "beyond doubt free and honest." Technically, they were so, but the atmosphere in which they were conducted was by no means free and honest. To explain this is impossible without a thorough study of the psychological state and the broken will of the Central Europeans who had been liberated from Nazi tyranny but, under the eyes of their Allies, had become victims of Soviet tyranny. Czechoslovakia was surrounded on three sides by a powerful and well-equipped Red Army, close to the border. Two days before the elections the Soviet High Command asked permission to move, on election day, some of its formations across Czechoslovakia from Austria to Germany. The democratic leaders refused, but the people were already terrified. They remembered the pillage and rape of the Soviet gangs.

Some voters reasoned as follows: if we vote for the Communists, they will rule us, but at least they will be Czechoslovak Communists. If we vote against the Communists, the Red Army might return to Czechoslovakia.

During its occupation, the Red Army had handed over to the Czechoslovak Communist Party some of its loot: money, printing offices, newsprint, means of transportation and so on. All of this was considered—some correctly and some incorrectly—as the property of the former German occu-

piers. Thus the Communists gained further propaganda instruments which they could use in their election campaign and in bribing and exerting pressure on the voters.

The elections were a success for the democrats in that the Communists remained a minority, though their rise to 38 percent cannot be underestimated. But Gunther does the non-Communist leaders a grave injustice when he says that they "hardly even bothered to make a campaign in the elections." It is a pity that he could not have been in Czechoslovakia then

and seen with his own eyes the super-human effort of the anti-Communist parties in these elections.

Recently the wife of Clement Gottwald was decorated with the "Order of February 25th." According to the official communiqué, the award was in recognition of her services when Gottwald, from their private apartment, led the Communist coup in February, 1948. This official report from Prague clearly refutes the fable of the benevolent and moderate Gottwald which John Gunther has repeated in his book.

The Core of Education

By EDNA LONIGAN

AMERICANS still hold to the naive belief that "schooling" is necessarily a sound method of giving the young the best that adults have learned. It may, on the contrary, do just the opposite. Schooling may be a barrier which is thrust between the living tradition of a nation and the young people who must carry it on. Something very like that happened in the United States as a result of our emphasis on "schooling."

Both incompetence and propaganda in the schools work as a barrier to the transmission of our cultural capital. We are slowly awaking to the fact that there is propaganda, but few people realize how much the propaganda owes to the incompetence and cultural ignorance that preceded it.

Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell, in his *Crisis in Education, A Challenge To*

American Complacency, has made a sound analysis of what is wrong with our schooling. Unfortunately his remedies are not as good as his diagnosis. His book illustrates how much harder it is for honest reformers to cure deep-rooted evils than it is for pseudo-reformers to present a glamorized version of something "new" as a cure for our ills.

Dr. Bell rightly finds our schools responsible for the perpetual adolescence of Americans, which shows itself in our restless search for "amusement." He cites some telling quotations from teachers admitting that our schools are too often designed not to educate but to amuse our children, or as he says, not to feed the lambs but to amuse the young goats.

More clearly than most, he sees that it is only too easy for a people weary

of amusement to be turned to power-seeking as a substitute. We develop a Messianic complex, and set out to "teach Europe and Asia how to govern themselves, and . . . forget the gross mismanagement in Memphis and Chicago and Jersey City." This is "the pursuit of power disguised as fulfillment of a romantic destiny."

Dr. Bell also recognizes that disappointed infantilism is at the root of our escape into erudition, with "more and more departmentalized pedants hiding in the holes of research, seeking to run away from embarrassing questions." What a true picture this is of our economists, or even of our atomic scientists today!

Both the Messianic complex and pedantry lead us to the present impasse where the mistaught multitudes "now sit sorrowing as they await . . . new Caesars for whom to cheer and die."

The answer is that education must have a basic core and a moral purpose. The basic core is mastery of observation, of language, of abstract reasoning, and of insight into people. As Dr. Bell rightly observes, the classical education was designed with a clear purpose, to teach these very things, and often did it better than the study of "science" today.

EDUCATION cannot survive without a moral purpose. Americans now have "no common world view, no generally accepted definition of the nature and purpose of man," the author believes.

He recommends "a moratorium on discussions of methods and organization of education until we come to

some decision about the moral ends of education."

Dorothy Sayers has recently pointed out that if we do not fill the moral hiatus with religious dogma, the materialistic dogma of the Communists will fill the vacuum. Dr. Bell, like Miss Sayers, is frankly committed to the return to religion. He sees no reason why our schools should be atheistic or materialistic. "There is no such thing as religious liberty in American education. There is liberty only to be unreligious." The need can be met either by putting into the schools a common examination of all basic religious and moral ideas, or (as Mill suggested) by state financing of privately organized education with all its rich variety.

When it comes to remedies, Dr. Bell falls into the pit he has already warned against—more money. In this regard, we may cite a quotation he himself makes from Dr. Hutchins' comment on the President's Commission on Higher Education: "The cry is 'more': more money, more buildings, more students, more professors, more everything. The educational system . . . may be wasteful and shoddy. But let us expand it, even if that means that it will be more wasteful and shoddier."

Also Dr. Bell would organize the teachers into a "corporative system," on the Italian model, under the NEA, and have them "cooperate with" a Federal Department of Education.

FORTUNATELY Dr. Bell's deep insight saves his book. He sees that waste of the student's time in school is almost criminal, and that it explains

the advanced age at which our professional people now set themselves up and marry. He would meet this difficulty by lopping off two years from the elementary school and one year from college, but would teach the same curriculum as at present—thus putting American youth on a par with European. This one proposal would increase revenues in the grammar schools by 25 percent, and make it possible to have enough well-paid teachers without raising taxes.

The author believes that as important as money to real teachers, not "experts," would be a return to discipline and good manners. Teachers are tired of being ordered about by "theorists from schools of education, who . . . continually want to change the procedure to fit in with new ideas thought up in a study somewhere. . . . They see their pupils regarded not as growing human beings but as guinea pigs for experimentation and themselves as unwilling laboratory technicians."

What a pity that Dr. Bell did not go one step farther to the real solution! What we need is to abolish the whole network of overhead controls and "standards" in schools and col-

leges, the superintendents, the Regents, the College Boards and the rest.

The center of learning in schools is the classroom. We have subordinated teachers and teaching to organizers and organizations. Organizers use power. They do not belong in schools. We need the courage of decentralization, of complete reliance on the teacher, not the system.

Why should schools or colleges be uniform? Why abolish the true experimentation of individual teachers doing their own thinking, and substitute for it an almost Prussian regimentation in the name of "standards"? That was understandable in an America escaping from colonialism to industrialism at a frantic pace. It is not good enough in a country carrying the heaviest responsibility for straight thinking of any country in the world's history.

By every test Dr. Bell belongs to the decentralists, who have trust in the individual and would leave him free. If he would reshape his remedies to fit this philosophy, instead of that advanced by the NEA and by Cabinet departments, we should have here a very important contribution to a desperately serious national problem.

H. R. Knickerbocker

A nation can sustain no greater loss than the passing of a reporter of the truth. When that loss occurs at the pinnacle of one's life-path, in a moment of crisis for mankind, it is a disaster. Such was the tragic death in the Bombay air crash of H. R. Knickerbocker, whose contributions to PLAIN TALK our readers will long remember, and who devoted himself to ferreting out and reporting the truth wherever he found it.

The Liberal Outlook

By LEWIS O. ANDERSON

Sound Profit vs. Economic Quackery

A MARXIAN Socialist is a political robber disguised as an economist. He succeeds primarily with the aid of deluded social "uplifters" who are undermining the private profit system by doing spadework for a "reformed capitalism," "economic democracy," a "new socialism," or "democratic socialism."

Our social problems are primarily moral and psychological rather than economic. But so-called liberals and reformers in the political, moral and psychological fields insist on talking a jargon of "economics" instead of their own language. They preach the gospel of "economic security" to those who are losing faith in political liberty, moral responsibility, and self-knowledge.

Alas, the hocus-pocus that is now paraded as "economics" among these social "uplifters" is not even economics. It is an attempt to substitute magic for science in economics. It is a flight from the realities of economic laws.

Many attempts to correct misconceptions of profit system, money, distribution of wealth, etc., are ineffective in that they fail to meet socialist strategy head on.

Even laymen can explain that in our profit system one must figure not only profits but losses; that gross in-

come must not be confused with net profits; that without net profit the business goes bankrupt and the workers go job-hunting.

But these A-B-C's of economics are ignored by the Marxian Socialist mumbling through his queer mask: "Our concern is not to perpetuate the outmoded and inhumane capitalist system but to bring economic justice by changing to a new system for equalizing wealth."

He indicts the system instead of its abusers. He calls it the "robber system." The heart of the system, profiting, he misrepresents as "profiteering," regardless of how little the profit is or how little of it goes into the pocket of the capitalist.

He indicts the system indirectly. He singles out exceptional abuses—profiteering, monopoly—and calls them the heart of the system.

Fundamentally he does not believe in rectifying abuses; his proposed reforms are fake. The very abuses which he calls the heart of the capitalist system he unblushingly heralds as the heart of his socialist revolution. The evils of robbing and of monopoly are transformed into virtues by the mere formality of pinning government badges on them. Concentrated economic power, which he denounces as evil in capitalist hands, is magically

transformed into a virtue in socialist hands.

IT IS NECESSARY to challenge and expose the Marxist strategy at these points:

First, the Socialist misrepresents "profit" to mean something not earned.

Second, contradicting himself, he adopts the very thing he denounces as evil in capitalist hands and regards it as a virtue in socialist hands.

Third, these self-contradictory lines of strategy are carried out not directly but indirectly through transitional slogans, such as "economic democracy," and "reforms within the framework of the existing system." The hidden purpose is to convince victims that the "reforms" won't work, that patching up the old system won't work, and that therefore we need a new system.

The crucial phase of socialist expropriation is not a spectacular daylight robbery, wild-west style. "Capitalism can die by inches" said the Socialists long ago. They are using the power to tax to help accomplish exactly that—to expropriate by inches.

In the light of Marxist strategy any thinking person should be alarmed at the present widespread cultivation of the itch to get something without earning it. The effect is not merely to make Socialists feel they are growing powerful horns on their heads but more especially to make capitalists less resistant to the socialist brew; it undermines the sound concepts of the nature and function of the profit system.

Our typical politicians are using the rabble-rousing tactics of playing upon

people's itch to get something free—with or without joyful concern of how this practice fits into the socialist program. They appear to talk economics, not politics, in their proposals to subsidize economic pressure-groups or otherwise guarantee to each group or individual a "just share" of income. They cultivate and capitalize, politically and otherwise, on the victims' itchy feeling that each is entitled to a "just share" of income regardless of whether he earned it.

What is really subsidized is the destruction of the incentive to earn, and ultimately the destruction of the political liberty to choose one's own job. For it does not remedy the evils of monopoly-control of prices and wages; it legalizes the evils.

These pseudo-economists promote the delusion that economic laws can be made in legislative halls, or preferably issued as directives from the Executive branch. It is the delusion that economic laws come from the brains of supermen, who have the power to bring something for no work. Their harping on a "just share" of income focuses attention not on how to create wealth but on how to divide the pie; not on how to create anything but on how to steal it. These pseudo-economists are undermining the profit system more effectively than the Marxists could do directly. The profit system, as correctly conceived and practiced, is essentially a creative system.

ANYONE unfamiliar with how Marxists capitalize on innocent-looking practices may fail to see any danger in the practices now popular

in radio entertainments and commercials to use spectacular gifts and prizes to stimulate trade. Promises of something free constitute favorite sales talks. The grandiose prizes and gifts are good investments, aren't they?

Investments for what? When we want to raise a garden our planting and cultivating are determined by what we want to harvest. But many complacent capitalists seem unconcerned about what will be the ultimate harvest of this continued cultivation of the itch to get something for nothing; it is only the immediate pay for the cultivation that seems to interest them. Marxists are interested in the long-time psychological effects, the ultimate harvest.

The long-time effects of prizes and gifts can be made to promote the profit system instead of to undermine it. Instead of giving prizes for no effort, we can, as is sometimes done, give them as rewards for superior achievements. In some contests recipients really earn their prizes. In such cases we stimulate the incentive to earn. It is not necessary to abolish prizes and gifts; what we need to do to preserve the profit system is to use them to stimulate the incentive to earn.

But some will persist in capitalizing on people's itch to get something without earning it. This situation is an example of the seemingly incidental but important and practical problems we are up against in our war against collectivism. We cannot win by mere academic dissertations which fail to recognize socialist strategy. We cannot win by just passing laws against ultimate by-products of socialism instead of studying early transitional

stages. We cannot win by any business isolationism which says: "Our job is just to make money, not to educate."

In regard to profit and loss, the Socialist has a blind spot. In his Utopia, loss does not come into view. This item of loss is conveniently forgotten in popular accounts of federal or state-owned enterprises. If the government-owned enterprise is being operated at a loss, the loss is unobtrusively charged up to the taxpayers, and the managers do not have to worry about it as in private enterprises. This enables Socialists falsely to glorify government ownership.

This further enables them to undermine the sound concept of the profit system by ignoring the fact that it is the profit-and-loss system. The function of venture capital is ignored. The responsibility of avoiding losses is ignored. It is a flight from the realities of economic laws.

This flight from the economic realities of profit and loss is further illustrated by the infantile spending theory that we need not worry about spending ourselves into debt as a nation because a government debt is different from a private debt in that "we owe it to ourselves." It is an attempt to ignore the function of investments and venture capital by assuming that it makes no difference how the money is spent, there can't be any such thing as a loss. A boondoggling, non-productive job is not made productive by labeling it "government job."

We need not worry about any direct attack by Marxism-in-the-raw. Its own self-contradictions make it too repugnant. What we need to worry about is the way the so-called "democratic"

phase of socialism revolves around the delusion of getting something without earning it. This is a flight from the realities of economic laws. It is a failure to distinguish between transfer of wealth and creation of wealth. It is a refusal to face the economic realities of profit and loss by covering up the item of loss with some government brass.

The political robber first hypnotizes his victims with his weird economic mask, suggesting that our ideas of political liberty are outmoded in our industrial era and that redistribution of wealth is the only thing that counts. He induces his victims to give up po-

litical liberties for promises of economic equality and economic security. But these turn out to be economic mirages. How can one expect anything else from this dual flight from (1) the realities of tested political principles and (2) the realities of economic laws?

The basic principles of profit and loss cannot be escaped by any change to a socialist system. When wealth ceases to be created, progress ceases. Wealth ceases to be created, and equality of poverty becomes the reality, when we kill off the incentive to earn and the individual responsibility of avoiding losses.

Tell Me, Comrade

TELL ME, Comrade, who spoke to you on your Sinai?
Who told you to decree the form of my millenium
And ordain the line of march of my children's children—
With whose authority do you speak to the people?

What was said to you on your mountain, Comrade
That you have finished with love and patience
Denying me my right to doubt and discovery
And have done with trust in my single wrestling?
What god is so jealous of men?

Whose was the revelation, brother?
Whose the commandment forbidding communion between us
Unless I see with your eyes
And conclude what you have concluded?

Ah, brother and comrade, find me a leaf like another
Or the note of a scale
Or a crystal of snow—
Take me to the place where two parallel lines conjoin
Then I will listen.

MURIEL LAWRENCE

Eastward, Ho!

MAYBE the Russians have not yet discovered the secret of the atomic bomb, but they surely did discover the best method of obtaining the secret from us.

* * *

The Judith Coplon touch. A certain burglar broke into a house but was caught with his loot and arrested. He explained to the police that he was merely collecting material for a novel about the underworld.

* * *

Georgi Dimitrov, the Bulgarian Communist leader of Comintern fame, died in a Moscow sanitorium at the rather advanced—for one so high up in the Kremlin hierarchy—age of 67. Strange, how many important foreign Communists die in Moscow sanitoriums, but then, of course, no Communist is ever recalled to Moscow to live there.

* * *

The victory of the Chinese Communists, Mao Tse-tung declares, would have been impossible without the aid of the Soviet Union and the pressure of the masses in many other countries, notably the U. S. A. What Mao means is the pressure of the mass of fellow-travelers in the State Department.

* * *

Under the heading "Facts for Peace and Friendship," *Soviet Russia Today* lists the following recommended books that ought to contribute to the establishment of better relations between the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R.: *Jungle Law or Human Reason*, a vitriolic attack on the Atlantic Pact by Jessica Smith; *Soviet White Paper*

on *North Atlantic Pact*, a scurrilous misrepresentation of our foreign policy by the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs; *Falsifiers of History*, another slanderous Soviet concoction against this country; *The State Department and the Cold War*, a vicious collection of anti-American propaganda. Such friendly people!

* * *

The U. S. S. R. does not yet contemplate aggression in Europe. As soon as Stalin decides to strike at the West, he will suggest that a foreign ministers' conference be convoked to discuss a settlement in the East.

* * *

In commemorating the anniversary of Hitler's invasion of Russia the Soviet press points out that since the first day of the Soviet-German war the Anglo-Americans, although Russia's allies, had been trying desperately to prevent a Russian victory by negotiating with the Nazis for a separate peace. And then, of course, there was that insidious Lend Lease for which the warmongering Americans still refuse to compensate the heroic Soviet Union.

* * *

The defendants and the defense at the trial of the 11 leaders of the American Politburo point out indignantly that the Charter of the American Communist Party calls for the expulsion of any member who advocates the violent overthrow of the American system. This probably explains why Earl Browder was expelled from the party for advocating peaceful collaboration with the American system.

ARGUS

The Grand Design

By JOHN DOS PASSOS

NEW DEAL Washington in 1941, just after Hitler had invaded the Soviet Union, is the scene of this, our third installment of Dos Passos' provocative new novel. It is the period of "economic warfare," with agencies being organized to aid the Allies.

MILLARD CARROLL of the Farm Economy Administration has been put in charge of the Economic Scarcities Commission. His wife LUCILE is busy with war work and his son is in training for the Air Force. WALKER WATSON, Farm Economy chief and White House intimate, though double-crossed in his expectation to be nominated for President or Vice-President at the 1940 convention, is confident he will be appointed head of the new War Procurement Board. Angling for the same appointment is bluff JERRY EVANS, wealthy Texan who, it is rumored, is war profiteering. The war situation offers additional scope for the politics-shaping cocktail parties

given by leftist MIKE GULICK and his wife MARICE. Influential behind the scenes are BRUCE SLATER, often the President's liaison with government agencies, and JUDGE OPPENHEIM, close to the White House.

The broadcasts of HERBERT SPOTSWOOD, radio commentator, are winning national popularity. Because his son Glenn died fighting for the Spanish Loyalists, Spotswood has accepted an invitation to speak at a memorial meeting to be held in Madison Square Garden, unaware that it is Communist inspired. Funds for the meeting are to be supplied by millionaire socialite ANNA WINTHROP STRANG, whose son, the weak and bewildered WINTHROP STRANG, led the Communist picketing of the White House. As the next chapter opens, Winthrop awakens late in the Communists' Washington headquarters. Here the local commissar is DR. JANE SPARLING, and a frequent visitor is JOE YERKES, now with the Steelworkers' Washington Bureau.

Lend Lease

IN THE little hall back of the pantry Winthrop smelled coffee. He pushed open the diningroom door. Dr. Sparling sat at the round table set with breakfast dishes in the full glare of the sunlight with a grizzled man with bushy eyebrows and a bulbous nose that drooped over a curved briar pipe. Every inch of the tablecloth was covered with last week's New York and Washington papers. HITLER JUMPS REDS, REICH ATTACKS RUSSIA, the headlines shouted.

'We'll hold on the Volga; that I can absolutely guarantee but nothing

before.' The man was talking tensely through his briar.

When she caught sight of Winthrop Dr. Sparling jumped to her feet and stumped up to him with an angry sharp look in her eyes.

'How about knocking before you come into a room?' she said between clenched teeth. Winthrop stammered that he hadn't meant to intrude, he'd just smelled the coffee. 'I thought Anna had brought you up better than that,' Dr. Sparling went on in her sarcastic tone. 'All right since you're here I'm going to introduce you to

THE GRAND DESIGN

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somebody but if anybody asks you this isn't where you met him.'

She pushed Winthrop forward into the room. As she did so she cleared her throat to attract the attention of the man at the table who between little squeaking puffs on his pipe was making marks on a map cut out of a newspaper.

'Comrade Weeks, this is Winthrop Strang. He's the son of my friend Anna Winthrop and is a staunch friend of the Negro people in his own right. . . . Winnie shake hands with Elmer Weeks.'

Winthrop who had been holding out his hand wincing a little in expectation of having it wrung in a calloused fist, was surprised by the chilly limpness of the four fingers that were placed for a second in his.

'Oh yes . . .' mumbled Comrade Weeks along the stem of his pipe without looking up from his map. 'Yes we watch the awakening of the Negro people with sincere approval. Keep up the good work . . . thataboy . . . Jane,' he went on as if he'd forgotten Winthrop's existence. 'We've got to have help. . . . We've got to get in under Lend Lease. Time is of the essence. All true liberals will be on our side now. They will throw off the shackles of fascist propaganda. . . .

Winthrop's lips were moving as he spelled out the headlines. He was trying to say something.

'Winnie,' interrupted Dr. Sparling severely. 'Go in the pantry and get yourself a cup of coffee and come back and sit here quietly. There's some toast and bacon keeping hot in the oven.'

As Winthrop went about obediently doing as he was told he heard her

saying, 'I can vouch for him Comrade Weeks. Let him eat his breakfast. There's something he can do for us right this morning. . . . Comrade Weeks I'm just a professional woman, and in the movement I've always been one of those who were willing rather to take direction than trying to give it but I've got to tell you this morning that I think the analysis of the situation that has come from Thirteenth Street is highly incorrect. Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union is the best thing that ever happened to the movement in this country. For the first time we are marching shoulder to shoulder with the great masses of the American people. In the common war against the Nazi aggressor we will have direct access to Congress and the Administration.'

'We must not let ourselves forget that from their point of view it's still an imperialist war.'

'Of course Comrade Weeks the average American is completely incapable of understanding that the capitalist democracy which he thinks he's fighting this war to save is through whatever happens.'

'Whoever wins, capitalism, sucking the blood of the workers behind its false front of liberal democracy, is dead,' Elmer Weeks answered in an absentminded ritual tone.

Dr. Sparling turned to Winthrop with one finger lifted like a schoolteacher: 'Winnie I thought you were going over to see your mother this morning about that meeting.'

'I am. I'm going right over now,' Winthrop stammered, his mouth full.

'That's a meeting, Comrade Weeks, we're planning for Madison Square

Garden in honor of the American antifascist fighters for freedom on the soil of Spain. Anna Winthrop Strang is very much interested. Herbert Spotswood has consented to speak. . . . It's almost twelve Winnie, are you sure you won't miss her? You ask her to call me will you? Winthrop felt his face getting red under the commanding stare of her hard eyes. Reluctantly he got to his feet.

'She's just at the Tarleton.' He lingered by the table waiting for Elmer Weeks to speak again.

DR. SPARLING grabbed him by the arm and hustled him out the door into the narrow corridor. 'Glad to have met you Comrade Weeks,' he tried to say over his shoulder as he left but she was already shushing him. 'Nobody knows he's here silly,' she spat in his ear. 'Don't tell your mother. Just ask her to call me understand?'

At the door they met Joe Yerkes. With him was a pale blond buxom girl in a blue print dress who seemed to Winthrop to give him a friendly look. Joe Yerkes didn't notice him. He was all excited. 'Jane have you got any news? What's the reaction? I was so wrought up I couldn't sleep. I wanted somebody sensible to talk to. At the crack of dawn I woke George up and induced her to come over.'

'It's certainly a great historical moment,' said the blond girl.

'Gosh isn't it?' Winthrop sputtered eagerly. 'I've been so excited ever since it happened I can't see straight.'

'Joe,' said Dr. Sparling without paying attention to Winthrop, 'there's a friend of yours come to town. . . . I think Georgia ought to meet him.'

Winthrop lingered with his hand on the knob of the front door. He wanted to hear what Joe Yerkes had to say. He wanted to talk about the war news. Dr. Sparling noticed him and gave him one of her disapproving looks. 'Well so long,' he said and hurried off along the hot sidewalk under the wilted trees feeling like a scolded schoolboy.

Everybody ordered him around he complained to himself peevishly as he walked. He hoped Mother would be out just to show them. He didn't care if they never did have their memorial meeting. All they cared about was getting money out of him. He'd show them. Mother would be mad anyway because he was late. She always had the same suite when she came to Washington. The door was ajar. He felt the usual sinking sensation at the bottom of his stomach. He hesitated for a moment. Then he took the plunge. 'Hello Mother,' he called in a cracked voice as he opened the door.

IMMEDIATELY he heard Mother's voice dictating, 'Whatever may have been the reason for this cowardly and unexpected attack upon the soviet ally. . . . Yes there she was sitting in the window in a green dressing gown with red poppies on it . . . 'we in the western democracies. . . . A man in a white coat was curling her hair. It look redder than ever, too red Winthrop thought. A blond manicure girl had just finished her nails and was packing up her kit . . . 'may take a deep breath in the realization that taking the long term view we may be sure that the Nazi régime in repeating Napoleon's mistake has signed its own

death warrant. . . . Elsie, dear,' she added to her secretary, 'I'll have to run over that this afternoon.'

Without turning her head because the hairdresser was holding her tight with his curling iron, she continued, 'Well Winnie this is a nice time to come to breakfast. I suppose you were out on the town again last night. I don't know when you are going to grow up.' The warm light from outside shone along the profile of her big forehead and long straight nose and sharp chin. The rest of her face was in shadow. She had the handsome haggard look that had been so much admired, and that always made Winthrop feel all melted up inside. 'Well,' she was saying pettishly, 'I know you want to see me about this check for the memorial meeting but I don't know when we're going to get time to talk about it because I'm going over to the White House and I've got to leave here in twenty minutes. Though she happens to be an old friend, when the first lady of the land asks you over to an informal Sunday dinner it just isn't the thing to be late, now is it?'

Winthrop bit his trembling lip. 'Mother I was detained by meeting Elmer Weeks,' he said.

'Well. . . .' her voice took on a fresh bell-like tone of interest. 'What did he say? What's their line going to be?' The hairdresser had given the red curls on the back of her head a last admiring pat. He pulled the towel off her shoulders with a flourish. When she strode over to give Winthrop a little pecking kiss on the forehead she was so much taller than he was she had to lean over him. 'What did he say?' Her gray eyes were searching

his impatiently. 'I can't wait to hear. Mark. . . .' She addressed a pair of wellshined yellow oxfords that stuck out from legs covered by sheets of the Sunday papers piled on the chaise longue in the corner of the room. The pages of *The New York Times* held out by two hirsute hands emerging from stiff cuffs dropped and Mark Burgess' square face appeared as heavily shadowed as a reproduction of his own photograph. . . . 'Mark, this is interesting. Winthrop's just come from talking to Elmer Weeks.'

'You don't say.' Mark Burgess shook the papers off him and got to his feet.

'I was asked to keep this confidential,' said Winthrop in a firmer voice, 'so Mother don't you tell Doc Sparling that I told you. . . . She asked me to tell you to call her up. She has something most important to talk to you about. She must have guessed where you were going for lunch.'

'But Winthrop what did Elmer Weeks say?'

'He said. . . . Oh gee I forgot.' Winthrop started to stutter. 'He s-s-said the way things were going was the greatest thing that had ever happened to the working class movement in this country.'

'It's the end of isolationism,' his mother said emphatically.

The hairdresser and the manicure girl were sidling out of the room.

'Mother d-d-don't you th-th-think you could write that check now? If we wait we won't be able to get Herbert Spotswood.'

She threw back her head when she laughed. 'I can take Herb or I can leave him alone. . . . Now Mark what do you think? You know five thou-

sand dollars isn't hay as they say on Broadway, even for the Strang Estate it's not hay. It is for a memorial meeting for the American boys who fell fighting for the Spanish Republic. Of course Winthrop . . . you know what a pushover he is . . . he's told them he'd get it out of me.'

'Right at this moment it might be a useful gesture.'

'All right Elsie,' she called after her secretary who had gone into the other room. 'Write up a check on the Strang Foundation for five thou'. Mr. Burgess and I will sign it . . . And get Dr. Jane Sparling on the phone.'

Suddenly they none of them had anything to say to each other. Mark Burgess sat down on the chaise longue again and picked up a section of the paper. Winthrop stood fidgeting in the middle of the floor like a messengerboy waiting for a telegram while his mother, humming tunelessly in a way that always got on his nerves walked back and forth.

Economic Warfare

(*The Carrolls and Gulicks are on their way to a party given by Jerry Evans to celebrate the recent marriage of Walker Watson to Jo Powers, as well as Watson's return from a flight to Moscow on a mission for the President. A statement by columnist Ed James in a Washington newspaper, that Evans has Watson "in his pocket", has aroused Watson's friends to show their support for him. Judge Oppenheim has just telephoned Carroll that the President is about to announce an important appointment which concerns Evans.*)

THEY WERE late getting off. The traffic was slow on Connecticut Avenue. Millard had to drive round a block to fall into the line of cars waiting to reach the front door of the hotel. Uniformed attendants were ready to park the cars, that was a re-

Elsie came out solemnly with the check. Mother and Mark Burgess signed it. Mother looked at him disapprovingly when she came over to hand it to him. 'Oh Winthrop I wish you'd find something to do. . . . she almost screamed at him. 'It makes me so nervous the way you idle around fiddling with this and that. . . . If I only had some of the time you waste.'

'You . . . you don't know what all I do,' Winthrop started: and you don't care either, he was planning to say but Elsie had called from the other room, 'I've got that phone call for you Mrs. Strang.'

'Coming,' his mother answered happily and strode off. Already she'd forgotten all about him. He waited for a second to see if Mark Burgess would look up from his paper to say goodby. He ought to. Mark was his lawyer just as much as he was Mother's. He didn't look up. Winthrop opened the door quietly and tiptoed out into the hall.

When Lucile and Marice went off to leave their wraps Millard found himself standing in line at the hat check room. He'd lost Mike somehow threading his way through the jam in the lobby. As he reached the counter he met Judge Oppenheim coming away with his hat in his hand and a light topcoat over his arm. The Judge pressed Millard's hand solemnly, whistled something about their worst fears being justified and was gone. Millard followed with his eyes the slender black figure under the frizzle of curly gray musician's hair moving through the particolored crowd.

The receiving line was up at the end of the large ballroom which had been decorated with strings of signal flags and with red white and blue streamers draped from replicas of the great seal of the United States set high up along the wall under clusters of French, British and Russian flags. Dressed up men and women waiting to say how do you do to their hosts stretched in a straggling crowd half

way round the room. 'It's like the crowd at the Congressional waiting for the gate to open,' whispered Lucile. Past crowding figures and clustered heads they could catch glimpses of long white tables garlanded with green set with a row of silver bowls and gleaming platters and stacks of plates against a bank of gladioli. 'Oh Lord we'll never get out of here,' groaned Millard.

When they finally did reach Walker and Jo and big rawboned Mrs. Evans filed into the lobby of the hotel Lucifer whispered in his ear that it looked like opening night at the Metropolitan Opera House with a mixture from the football crowd at the Sugar Bowl.

front were rumpled and he kept looking round the room from out of the deep sockets of his eyes with a suspicious glowering glance until, when his eye caught some friend's, his mouth would relax into a deprecating cornered smile. He looked in pretty good health, Millard couldn't tell whether he was enjoying himself or not. Jo white with a little ermine cape. Walker seemed really pleased to see Lucile. As the group started to move towards the dancefloor Walker said with a giggle that he'd promised himself two dances, one with Jo and one with Lucile. A short man with a beard from one of the Balkan embassies had carried off Mrs. Evans. Immediately Jo became the center of a group of glossy young men who had a Wall Street look about them and Millard found himself alone in the doorway. Oh Lord we'll never get out of here now, he was saying to himself.

An Englishman from some wartime mission or other whom he'd met at dinner someplace was talking to him in an immensely exaggerated Oxford accent. 'Fluid, my dear Carroll,' he was saying. 'That's what I keep telling myself, your country is so fluid. . . .' Millard turned to him smiling politely. The Englishman had a beaked wooden face with uneven blotches of red on the cheeks like a hastily painted doll. 'Of course you have all the advantages and disadvantages of fluidity . . . improvisation . . . impermanence. Your cities my dear fellow, are carelessly erected bivouacs, even New York . . . and Washington's an architect's model. . . . It wouldn't matter a bit if you were getting bombed in-

stead of us; you'd never know the difference because you are so very fluid.'

'Capitalist society is not fluid. It is rigid,' said a flatfaced Russian officer with a shaven skull who looked remarkably like the doorman of a nightclub in his heavy gray uniform all strung with medals. 'How shall I say? Crystallization of monopoly causes American capitalism to break in pieces.'

'We don't know yet my dear Boris,' said the Englishman in an indulgent tone as if talking to a child, 'whether the fluidity of America is the fluidity of growth or the fluidity of decay.'

'Capitalism cannot grow. It is impossible. But meanwhile Meester Carroll. . . . The Russian bowed stiffly from the waist. 'I toast American capitalism arsenal of democracy against fascist mad dogs.'

MILLARD smiled again and edged away. The music had stopped but he couldn't see Lucile anywhere. He had for an instant the strained lost feeling he sometimes had in dreams of looking for somebody he'd forgotten where, the feeling of trying to walk through deep water through the pull of waterweeds.

He had to stop to say good evening to Milt Rafaelson and his wife who both looked broader and better fed than ever and seemed to ooze selfconfidence from every pore. They were with a party of people whose faces were all turned expectantly towards a silvery hot chafingdish from which a waiter was ladling lobster Newburgh. They all had glasses in their hands, their faces had an odd identical look as

if all their mouths were watering. Milt introduced a crosslooking grayhaired woman as Dr. Jane Sparling and a whitehaired Mrs. Trumbull, Justice Henderson's daughter, and a stocky young man from the Steelworkers' Washington Bureau named Yerkes.

'Can't compare with the Soviet Embassy,' Dr. Sparling was saying, as she forked a piece of lobster into her mouth. 'Capitalism can't even stage a decent party any more. . . . When decay sets in in one place it goes through the entire bloodstream like a streptococcal infection.'

'Oh Jane how you do talk,' giggled Mrs. Trumbull.

Young Yerkes stood with his feet well apart as if he expected somebody to jump on him from behind. 'I could feed a lot of hungry people with all this grub,' he was saying.

'I more or less agree with you. It's not the moment for this sort of thing,' Millard said looking at him with interest. He smiled. 'But our host comes from a part of the country where if we do something we like to do it with a bang.'

A gray man from the edge of the group spoke up in a quiet voice. 'The watchword is every support to the American manufacturer until fascism is defeated. . . . It will be the last fling of American capitalism. . . . If they can only hold together long enough to furnish the Red Army the arms to defeat Hitler with we'll be satisfied.'

Near the door Millard bogged down again in a group of embassy people speaking French around Herbert Spotswood. Herb looked pudgy and compact as a woodchuck staring uneasily

out through his pincenez with his small chin tucked into his wing collar.

As he climbed a short flight of thickly carpeted stairs, Millard's feet felt very heavy. He was tired and hungry and he wanted a drink. He felt older than he'd ever felt in his life. Oh Lord he wished he could go home and go to bed.

At the head of the stairs he met Marice.

'Millard we've been looking for you everywhere. . . . We've been having a cosy bite in here waiting for Jerry to come back from the White House. He's been over there for two hours now.'

THEY WERE all sitting round a table under a cutglass chandelier in a private diningroom with heavy red draperies. Walker and Jo sat very close together at the end of the table. Bruce Slater and Mike had pushed back their chairs and had their heads together over their cigars. Lucile looked sleepy.

Marice pulled out a chair for him. 'What you need is a good stiff drink of bourbon and a piece of steak.' She pulled the oval whitemetal cover off the remains of a porterhouse steak in a platter in the center of the table and served him several slices with a pleasant motherly look of concern.

'Marice you always were my friend,' said Millard.

'Now you listen to Mike,' said Marice severely. 'Mike's got something to say tonight even if he is my husband.'

'Millard,' said Mike and hitched his chair away from Bruce Slater's, 'what I've been saying all evening is this. You are setting up your Econo-

mic Scarcities Commission and Walker as we all know will be the President's deputy as coordinator of the War Procurement Board. Between the two of you you have an unexampled opportunity to influence the way American power is used in the whole armament effort all over the world. It will be up to you two men, and if you take the lead others will follow in your footsteps . . . to see that this great worldwide effort to block the advance of tyranny and barbarism is conducted in such a way that it leaves us a better world when the war is won. Otherwise the war for civilization will have been fought in vain. The mobilization of wealth at your command will be so overwhelming that it will make it possible for you to impose American standards of wages, working conditions, labor relations, etc., all over the world. . . . The sort of thing we managed to do on a national basis under the NRA codes. . . . I know we haven't won a perfect score but we have raised the status of the working people of this country.'

'The common man,' said Walker dreamily. Jo looked up in his face with an adoring smile.

Millard listened as he ate. He felt his heart beginning to beat. This was something he believed in.

Mike got to his feet and leaned over the back of his chair making gestures with his cigar. 'And we know very well that in the postwar world we shan't be able to protect the American standard of living at home if we don't establish a comparable standard abroad.'

Nobody spoke. The room was completely still. Millard set his knife and

fork down in his plate and looked up into Mike's set face.

'Go on Mike, this is great,' he said.

'We must so set up our war effort . . . because it is a war effort . . . let's not kid ourselves. We hope and pray that we may accomplish our aims without a shooting war but we all know in our hearts we must be ready for it any day. . . . We must so use our financial power that when we buy commodities abroad we raise the standard of living of the common man in South America, in Africa.'

'New frontiers beckon in all the nations of the world,' interrupted Walker Watson, the muscles of his sallow face suddenly tight with excitement. 'We must set the common man on his way to a more abundant life. . . . Here's an example. We have managed to give the little people in this country a decent amount of milk for their children. . . . The standard of living of the little people of the United States is fairly safe but it won't be really safe until every gaucho in the Argentine, every Negro in Africa can step out of his hut in the morning and find a bottle of milk on his doorstep. That's what I'm going to say in my radio address tomorrow night.' He turned to Jo. 'You see dear you have to be graphic in these things. . . . Keep it simple.'

'In my opinion,' said Millard, speaking slowly and seriously, 'it is the only way we are going to be able to justify to the American people or to ourselves the sacrifices we are going to have to demand. As I understand it, Bruce,' he looked straight at him across the table, 'the President sees eye to eye with us.'

'Of course, of course,' said Bruce

drowsily. He smiled his heavy smile. 'After all it was the President who first gave these ideas circulation.'

Mike started to talk again excitedly. 'The postwar world must be a better world, a world where little people everywhere have the right to form unions for their economic betterment, to be free from the terror of unemployment and the fear of poverty in their old age. The only way the common man can protect his gains at home is to make them worldwide.'

'In Lincoln's great words which I'm using tomorrow night,' intoned Walker Watson, 'the world cannot subsist half slave and half free.'

Jo was dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief screwed up into a ball. 'Dearest it's so beautiful, it's so terrible, it's so true,' she whimpered and snuggled her head into her husband's shoulder.

Millard caught a wary startled look on Walker Watson's face. Walker extricated himself tenderly and got to his feet and said with his wry smile: 'My little old mother used to say that if she didn't have her convictions she couldn't live a week. . . . Life would be too horrible.' Walker let his chin drop on his chest and let his eyes run from one face to another round the table. 'Well,' he drawled, 'if we didn't have our convictions that behind the changing karma of life in this world there were divine powers and laws as certain as mathematics. . . . What do you say Jerry?'

'I say amen,' came Jerry's deep rattling voice from the end of the room. The boards of the floor creaked as he came towards the table.

'Sit down Jerry and tell us all about

it,' said Walker with a wave of a long arm.

'Have they been taking care of you all right?'

'Wonderful, Jerry . . . loveliest party I ever saw. . . . Charming. . . . Magnificent.' The women's voices chimed in.

JERRY EVANS let himself drop heavily into a seat at the end of the table. 'I do hope so. . . . Mrs. Evans and I think the world of Jo and Walker and I only regret I had to be called away.' Every man and woman at the table was looking into the big face above the big frame squeezed into the white messjacket with the gold buttons. He looked pale for him and seemed to have lost his bluster.

'Well friends,' he began slowly with his eyes fixed on the tablecloth before him. 'After fifty odd years of running free on the range old Tom Evans' son has been corralled and bridled and probably had the blinders put on him. . . . It took the emergency to do it. . . . You know the President has been laid up with gripe. . . . Well there he was lying in bed in that great old mansion where Jefferson and Madison and Andrew Jackson entertained, where Lincoln worried through the Civil War. There he was smoking a cigarette in his long holder although the doctor had told him not to . . . by God I'd smoke hashish if my head was on that man's pillow . . . and sipping on a highball, and on little tables around the bed there were piles of papers and documents high as the ceiling . . . just to make him sleep better. . . . "Now Jerry," he said to me, after Bruce had gone. . . . "I'm going to talk to you like a Dutch uncle. . . .

It takes a Dutchman to make a proper Dutch uncle.' Then he laughed and laughed. 'There comes a time in every man's life when he has to choose between serving himself and serving his country. We've come to a point in this nation's history where a great many of us are going to be called to give our lives. Look at those poor boys who are being killed in training to be flyers or the merchant seamen risking their lives with the submarines. . . . I'm not asking for your life, Jerry, though I know you'd give it. I'm just asking for your brains, for a loan of your brains. . . .' Of course I just stood there saying Yes Mr. President, No Mr. President. . . .

Millard felt all his body go tense. There was not a sound in the room. Walker cracked a joint in one of his fingers.

. . . And tomorrow morning the papers will say that Jerry Evans has accepted the post of coordinator of the new War Procurement Board.'

Jerry's cordial confident voice went on: 'Friends, I feel limp as a dishrag. After two hours with that man in the White House I feel limp as a dishrag. . . . We have a very great President.' Jerry got slowly to his feet. 'If you'll excuse me I've got to go and see after my other guests a little. . . . Now if there's anything in the world you want. . . . All you have to do is ask for it.' He walked out of the room and Bruce Slater flitted after him like a long shadow.

Nobody said anything for what seemed several minutes. Millard pulled out his watch and stared glumly at its familiar dial. A quarter to twelve. Walker had slumped back into his

chair with his eyes half closed. The skin sagged in green wrinkles off his face. All at once he brought his fist down with a bang on the table.

'By damn I won't stand for it.' He began to talk in a shrill quavering voice. 'It isn't the first time. He told me he'd put Jerry in Commerce. He talked for a whole hour about how I was the right man for Procurement because it would tie up with my work in the Department and because I had freedomloving forwardlooking clear-thinking men around me.' He jumped to his feet and waved a tremulous finger over the table. 'Only a worldwide New Deal can stop the advance of tyranny and dictatorship. . . . And now this. . . . By God I've had enough.' He started to walk up and down wagging his head as if he were going to bang it against the wall. 'This time I'm not going to take it. I've taken enough crap. Where's Slater, that sly bastard? Mike you've

got to fix up an appointment for me with the President. Tomorrow. I've got to see him tomorrow. I don't care what his goddam schedule is. . . . I'll stump the country. . . . I'll expose him. . . . I'll go back home and buy me a newspaper.'

Jo sat looking around the room with a little frightened face. Suddenly she brightened and jumped to her feet and threw an arm around Walker's shoulder. 'It's really a blessing in disguise. . . . Now you'll be able to take that month off you promised. Walker I know the President was thinking of your health.'

Lucile had slipped her hand under Millard's arm. They stepped over to Walker with their arms linked and Millard patted him on the shoulder with his free hand. 'We all got tough sledding ahead,' he said hoarsely. 'Can't do anything about it tonight. We better go to bed. . . . Walker and Jo I wish you every happiness.'

The Liberal Front

WHEN they filed out of the airplane cabin into the cold gusts out of the northwest, Herb Spotswood caught sight among the wind-buffed people behind the barrier of Greta Greenberg holding onto her red hat with its two twitching black feathers. She introduced Mark Burgess massive in gray with his bulldog jowl set in a smile and a plump oliveskinned young man in some kind of uniform whom she addressed as Colonel Farrington. They ushered him out to Mr. Burgess' car. On the way Farrington tapped Herb on the shoulder

and told him in a hoarse peremptory voice that he and Glenn had been friends in Horton way back in the days of the pecan-shellers' strike. Weren't they in Spain together, Herb asked eagerly. 'Different sectors, different sectors,' said Farrington.

They placed Herb on the back seat next to Greta. Greta started talking fast into Herb's ear. She said she hoped he didn't mind that a little dinner had been arranged for the speakers before the meeting, just a snack in a private room in a restaurant next door to Madison Square Garden.

'Quite impossible,' Herb answered tartly. 'I shall eat nothing. Please drive me directly to the studio. I lie down for half an hour before my broadcast.'

Greta batted her eyelashes in disappointment. The feathers shook on her little hat. It was too bad because at the dinner they were forming a committee for a bazaar for the relief of the innocent people made homeless by the unprovoked attack on the Soviet Union. Perhaps, she smiled brightly through her almost tears, Herb would allow his name to be used as chairman.

Anna Winthrop Strang was organizing the drive. They hoped to get some Washington people. Especially they need Mr. and Mrs. Walker Watson because he had just returned from Moscow. Surely Mr. Spotswood could help them get the Watsons. Anna Winthrop Strang had promised to bring in the First Lady. Greta's eyes gave an upward roll. As she talked she kept consulting a little notebook. Oh yes there was one other thing. A group of libertyloving Americans were calling a protest to the British Prime Minister urging him immediately to open a second front in Europe. She read off a list of names. Then, she whispered confidentially, if Mr. Spotswood could find time to do an article for a magazine of national circulation on the partisans behind the German lines Colonel Farrington, who had been a leader of the International Brigade would be delighted to furnish Mr. Spotswood the material.

He had organized the partisans in Spain and now he had just returned from Moscow where he had put himself at the disposition of the Soviet Government,

possibly to organize a brigade of Spanish Republicans to fight the Fascists. She could outline the story for Mr. Spotswood herself if he didn't have the time. The Spotswood name would sell anything. This was the Spotswood year. Farrington had turned around in the front seat when he heard his name mentioned. 'Moscow,' he said in his husky voice, 'will hold. You must tell the American people that. The panzer divisions are bogging down in snow and mud and the partisans are cutting their communications. My God what men!'

After the meeting, went on Greta in an even voice, there would be a reception at a private home. She had started checking off the items in her notebook with a pencil. Tyler Spotswood had been invited to sit on the stage with the families of the anti-fascist martyrs. They would all be called for at their hotels by volunteers from the Junior League. Arrangements again, thought Herb peevishly. His head began to swim with all these arrangements. He found himself saying yes to all sorts of things, even saying he'd think about the possibilities of an article. He was groggy with arrangements when the car drew up at the building of the broadcasting concern. 'Moscow will never surrender, the partisans will cut the Nazi communications,' said Farrington and Greta Greenberg in unison.

IT WAS a relief to go up in the empty elevator. The receptionist said good evening in a quiet impersonal voice. In the corridor a bland softfooted young man whose name he had forgotten met him and escorted him to

the little office with a couch in it where he was accustomed to stretch out for a moment before his broadcasts. He sat down at the desk before a clean unmarked blotter and read through his broadcast in a low voice, marking the pauses and stresses in pencil. He added a word or two about the activities of the partisans behind the German lines on the Russian front and made his forecast that Moscow would never surrender a little more positive and then lay down on the couch and closed his eyes. He was too excited to rest. Slogans calling for a holy war against the enemies of the human race kept crowding into his head. He was pacing back and forth the length of the couch when the bland young man opened the door and whispered in his soothing voice that it was time for Mr. Spotswood to go on the air.

After he had finished Herb walked back with a confident tread. He had to admit, even to himself he was thinking, that this had been a remarkably successful broadcast. On his way back along the corridor a door opened and Mr. Brackett with his hair as usual over his ears stuck his head out and chanted 'Masterly, my dear sir, masterly.' The bland young man was in his office to say that there was a call waiting for him on the phone. He sat down at his desk and still smiling picked up the receiver.

It was his son Tyler talking from the Pennsylvania Station. He was drunk. He was launching into some kind of a rigmarole about not letting somebody take somebody for a ride. His voice was so blurry Herb couldn't make head or tail of what he was say-

ing. 'No more a memorial meeting than a rabbit, Dad, it's a party rally.'

'Tyler,' he said severely, 'I haven't time to enter into a discussion of this sort now. I am preparing to deliver an important address. Call me tomorrow morning at the hotel.' He hung up.

Immediately the phone rang again. 'But Dad, it's not a memorial meeting,' started Tyler's drunken voice. Herb blew up the way he used to years ago when Tyler was a little boy trying to talk himself out of some scrape or another. 'Tyler,' he shouted, 'I refuse to discuss anything with you when you are in that condition.' He hung up again.

Highly agitated he snatched his hat and coat and strode down the corridor. He was so preoccupied he almost walked past Greta Greenberg who was waiting for him in the reception hall with a stocky woman in tweeds whom she introduced as Dr. Jane Sparling. Herb frowned at them questioningly. Greta hastened to explain that they had come to escort him to Madison Square Garden. It had gotten so late she didn't feel he had time to go back to the hotel, she thought they had better go straight to the meeting. There was a sort of religious unction in the way she pronounced the word 'meeting.' Anyway he looked very handsome in that light gray suit, she said looking up at him through her dense lashes, it would be a shame to change. Dr. Sparling was waiting to exclaim that the broadcast had been magnificent, the deft strokes about the partisans disrupting the German lines, and the mud and the snow and Comrade Winter, what a happy thought.

She clasped her hands together and shook them approvingly under his chin.

Just one thing before they left, she added in a small unexpectedly wheedling voice. Would he mind putting his name to a petition? Only the choicest, most influential names would do. It was a petition to the President to pardon the classwar prisoners who had been convicted under various pretexts while the country was still under the influence of fascistminded isolationists. 'And I've been asked,' added Greta with her tearful smile, 'to get a small contribution for the Mullins Defense Committee. . . . You know that was the young Negro liberal who was arrested for distributing handbills in Atlanta. . . .'

Herb felt his nerves beginning to jump. 'My dear young ladies,' he said, 'If I am to deliver an address this evening I must have a few moments of perfect quiet.' He snatched his glasses off and pressed the tips of his fingers against his smarting eyeballs. His temples had started to throb. None of them said anything while they waited for the elevator. As the cab made its way with many waits towards Eighth Avenue a drift in one direction began to appear among the faces on the pavements. It was the crowd heading towards Madison Square Garden. Above the slow flow of wraps and overcoats faces looked fresh and youthful in the slapping wind. The Spotswood year, Greta had said. It was to hear him talk about Glenn they were all pouring out of subways and buses. This was the willing crowd, the great cause, the opportunity. He felt very humble he told

himself before this great opportunity. He was so wrapped up in his thoughts that Greta had to say several times, 'Here we are Mr. Spotswood,' before he roused himself enough to get out of the cab.

HE WALKED in a daze up crowded ramps and through corridors echoing with footsteps. Dr. Sparling led the way with her short determined stride. Greta had him by the arm. Before he was ready they came out into the immense cave of the auditorium, where lights glowered through a blue haze and distant faces flowed slowly down the aisles and gangways, crowded as apples he'd seen as a boy flowing down a chute into a cidermill. Red flags hung from the ceiling and round the galleries. Here and there the stars and stripes hung limp between slogans lettered white on red.

ALL AID TO THE SOVIET UNION
*Defend the Besieged Workers of
Moscow and Leningrad*
**ANTIFASCIST FIGHTERS NEED
FOOD CLOTHING GUNS**

Immediately there were introductions among the ranked chairs on the platform. A man with a long black beard pressed Herb's hand encouragingly and showed him the speakers' table with its gleaming bank of microphones and introduced a redhaired woman in purple with the face and figure of a haggard Gibson girl as Anna Winthrop Strang, and Elmer Weeks a gray man with a bulbous nose with an unlit pipe perpetually in his mouth and several Spanish Republican diplomats in evening dress and a row of flatfaced refugees from Balkan

countries buttoned into Russian tunics. Along the line of chairs he caught sight of a few Washington faces. A nervous hand was on his shoulder. He turned round and found Mike Gulick's face grinning into his. Mike slipped into the seat next to him.

'Is Walker here?' asked Herb in a whisper.

'I'm kind of representing him,' Mike said with a low giggle. 'He was detained by the President who is trying to get him to take on a new job, Herb, a job of really epoch-making importance. If only his health holds out. He's doing enough work now to kill an ox. I'm here to give the assurances of the Administration on Russian aid . . . everything we say here will be fully reported in Moscow.'

The orchestra had started to play the 'Marche Slave.' Herb leaned back in his chair with his eyes halfclosed to shield them from the glare of the spotlights and looked out past the heads and shoulders of the people on the seats in front of him at the hazy distant faces banked round the huge oval hall. As always when he was going to speak his heart was pounding and he had a funny empty feeling in his head.

The man with the beard was chairman. The first speaker he introduced was a young man in a sort of uniform who had lost a leg and who stood up on his crutches making the clenched fist salute while the galleries roared with applause.

'We of the Brigade did our best,' he shouted, 'to stop the fascist butchers outside of the fortress Madrid. . . .' He had to stop for the cheers. . . . 'They had the help of the Munich ap-

peasers in England and in our own State Department. . . . 'Boo . . . boo,' came a long drone of scorn from the hall. . . . 'There were too few of us. . . . Now again comrades the defenders of the working class are giving their lives to stop the fascist hordes. They are not too few. . . . In front of Moscow, in front of Lenigrad they will stop them. . . .' The hall bellowed like one throat. The young man raised his spread hand for silence. 'I talked today to my old commanding officer from the Spanish front. He had just come back from the Moscow front. Comrades he is unable to greet you today because he has been called to Washington to confer with the President. . . .' Cheers and handclapping beat like surf against the speakers' platform. He raised his spread hand again. As the shouts died down a little triumphant curl appeared at the corners of his mouth. 'This is the message he told me to deliver. The Red Army needs everything, guns tanks food ammunitions everything but guts. . . . If we don't fail them they won't fail us. . . . Where can we help? We can help them right here in New York and in Washington. Write your senators. Write your congressmen. Keep those damn politicians hopping. Worry them to death. Demand arms for the Red Army. . . .' The roar rose in a wave to swamp his voice. Rhythmic cheers echoed from gallery to gallery. He was waving his crutches at them. His youthful face pale, a set look of exultation stiffening the corners of his mouth, he was being helped back to his seat.

Herb looked down at the staid lines

of his reasoned account of the importance of the Spanish war: the sacrifices of these young men: Americans, Frenchmen, antifascist Germans had been, he was going to say, the first reaction of decency and civilization against the enemies of the human race. It all seemed too tame. While Mrs. Strang was bewailing in the voice of a prophetess on the tripod the fact that nobody in America had heeded the warnings of wellinformed people that if fascism were not stopped in Spain it would bring war and ruin to the world, Herb tried to recast some of his sentences to get a little more passion into them. This was an audience he told himself that wanted passion.

Too soon Herb's turn to speak came around. The man in the black beard gave him quite a buildup in his introduction. After saying that his young friend who had spoken first represented the brave antifascist fighters who however maimed and mutilated had survived the Spanish war, he said that the man he was now introducing spoke for the heroic dead . . . other claims to fame as a staunch battler through many years for liberal causes . . . the voice they were about to hear was as familiar to every man and woman in that hall as the voice of a member of their own family . . . the father of a young man who after giving his life to the cause of the workers in America . . . had laid down that life on the stony soil of Spain . . . for the freedom from oppression of the working class of the world . . . Herbert Spotswood.

This time the roaring voices and the rattle of beaten palms were for him,

Herb stood behind the speakers' table carefully adjusting his glasses and his face for the noise to die down. When he first started to speak his voice was husky. He stopped to clear his throat several times. He stumbled over words, cut corners, plunged on into extemporized phrases. He felt too keenly to be at ease the ears waiting impatiently for the phrase to cheer for, the linked breathing of lungs ready to roar in unison. The glare of the spotlights made him blink. There was the distracting flicker of the flashlight bulbs. At last he managed to fix his attention on the familiar microphone before him and started to talk evenly and smoothly.

He skipped over the attempts of men of good will in the years between the wars at Geneva and elsewhere to build some structure of peace. He spoke about the good work for collective security of Tchitcherin and Litvinov and got a few scattered cheers. Mention of the failure of the League of Nations brought boos. Then he went on to the attack on the Spanish Republic by the enemies of the human race and spoke modestly of the young men like his son Glenn who had thrown their lives into the breach. A few cheers. The boos were on his side when he spoke sarcastically of Chamberlain opening the umbrella of appeasement, but when he spoke of the rape of Poland and the disastrous consequence of the Hitler-Stalin pact he began to notice that the boos were right in his face. 'Can that talk,' a voice shouted. Ranks of mouths booted in unison roaring him down. Sweat broke out on Herb's forehead. His

collar felt cold and wet. He stumbled over the word Finland and hurried on, first skipping sentences and then whole paragraphs, to the part about how the souls of those young antifascist fighters were marching on to defend the holy soil of Russia. The boos had settled down into a regular snarling rhythm. At the word Russia they stopped.

Herb's throat was dry but he didn't dare pause for a drink of water. He decided right there to drop the text of his prepared address. 'The peoples of the world's great democracies,' he yelled into the mikes, forgetting his carefully pitched radio whisper, 'are uniting in a war for civilization. Their victory will be slow but sure. Their alliance will endure until the last of the enemies of the human race has been shot down like a dog.' Gradually applause began to crackle in the corners of the hall, cheers rose to meet him, voices merged in a roar. They were on his side now. He took a swallow of water. He drank down half the glass. 'Nothing,' he went on, 'said the timid men in chancelleries and bureaus, nothing can stop the Nazi advance. Nothing, said the wise men in the staff colleges can stop the panzer divisions, but tonight while we are gathered in this hall they are being stopped and they are being stopped forever by the two great heroes of the Soviet Union Comrade Winter and Comrade Stalin.'

The man with the black beard was shaking his hand. His glasses were misted. The loud applause followed him as he started back to his seat.

Mike put his arm around his shoulders and whispered in his ear: 'Easier in the studio, isn't it, Herb? Here

they can talk back.' He giggled creakily. 'It's a great force. . . . It's the force that will overthrow reaction everywhere.' His voice trailed off. The orchestra had started to play the '1812 Overture.'

When the music stopped Elmer Weeks appeared behind the microphones. With a sound like coal being dumped into a cellar feet scraped as people rose all through the hall. When the racket subsided he shouted, 'The Invincible Red Army.' Volley after volley of handclapping and cheers answered his words. Herb watched the smile that was almost a sneer that flickered under his grizzled mustache as he made quieting movements with his hands like the movements of an orchestra leader. 'The Red Army has done what the broken remnants of the forces of the decadent capitalist democracies of Western Europe were not able to do. It has stopped the Wehrmacht dead in its tracks.' He paused for more applause. In the corner of a gallery a group had started to sing the 'Internationale.' Herb sat mopping his forehead with his handkerchief while the noisy response to Elmer Weeks' speech beat about his head and ears. His hands were trembling. He was dead tired.

After the speech there was a confused stirring about as ushers with red armbands moved through the crowd with collection boxes. Herb got to his feet and distributing nods and smiles right and left to people he knew tiptoed out. Finding an empty corridor in back of the platform he hurried down it fast. He didn't want to be intercepted by Greta Greenberg.

(to be concluded)

a Word to You

IN THE mythology of our times John Gunther's travels will occupy a very special place. At this writing, hundreds of thousands of copies of his report on life *Behind the Curtain* are being read by a public supposedly hungry for the truth. Is it fortuitous?

A glittering array of popular commentators and highbrow foreign policy experts has bestowed praise in profusion upon Gunther's book. Is that fortuitous?

Those who will have read our clinical dissection, in the July and August issues, of Gunther's accounts of the four countries behind the Iron Curtain which he visited must agree with us that the Gunther phenomenon is a symptom of the malady of our age.

When untruth is produced and disseminated by the assembly belt, how long will it take for pedestrian truth to catch up?

When one John Gunther can drown out with a single volume the testimony of tens of thousands of living witnesses from the Iron Curtain countries who are crying out in our midst, are we not in a spiritual wilderness?

Of the two analyses in this issue, that of Gunther's Czechoslovakia is from the pen of DR. JULIUS FIRT, a refugee from the usurped republic founded by Masaryk and Benes. Dr. Firt was formerly vice-chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Czechoslovak Parliament before it became a rubber stamp. Having been a publisher of one of John Gunther's earlier works in democratic Czechoslovakia, Dr. Firt can be regarded as a real authority on the subject.

The contributor who applies the scalpel to Gunther's Poland, ADAM K. NIEBIESZCZANSKI, was a lawyer and journalist in prewar Polish Silesia and served as lieutenant of the 1st Polish Parachute Brigade which took part in the famous airborne operation by the Allied forces over Arnhem in Holland. He is now editor of *Inside Poland*, a newsletter published in New York.

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THE TEMPTATION to deal extensively in this issue of PLAIN TALK with the Alger Hiss trial and its reverberations in Washington and in Bar Association circles was hard to resist . . . we attended several sessions of the court and more than once felt impelled to commit to paper certain strong impressions . . . then there were so many loose and ambiguous ends in the case itself which needed pulling together and elucidation . . . but instead of attempting our own summation of the case, we pounced upon the brilliant summation in court of PROSECUTING ATTORNEY THOMAS F. MURPHY . . . it is a document worth preserving and worthy of the widest circulation . . . if we have sufficient requests to warrant a big reprint of our abridgement of this document, we shall be happy to supply it in quantities at cost.

THE EDITORS

WHEN IS GOOD BEHAVIOR?

THE UNITED STATES Constitution provides that "the judges, both of the Supreme and inferior courts shall hold their offices during good behavior." When Justices Felix Frankfurter and Stanley F. Reed appeared as character witnesses for Alger Hiss at his recent trial before a lower court, the propriety of their conduct was widely questioned. In the Congress, Rep. Kenneth B. Keating introduced a bill barring Supreme Court justices from testifying in the future on the reputation of any individual.

There is little doubt that the American people overwhelmingly share the apprehensions of Mr. Keating that the behavior of Messrs. Frankfurter and Reed set a precedent for the denigration of the Supreme Court in the nation's eyes. But even more momentous is the question whether the action of the two judges had not been designed to influence the course of justice by overawing both the jury and the presiding judge with their presence.

And that raises a profound constitutional question, which has never been fully resolved. Did Justices Frankfurter and Reed violate the "good behavior" clause?

IN A REMARKABLE article on *The Impeachment of John Pickering*, which appeared in *The American Historical Review* last April, the author, Prof. Lynn W. Turner, poses this problem:

"How can a federal judge be removed from the bench for disabilities which do not warrant impeachment but which render him unfit to perform his duties?"

Judge Pickering, one of the great patriots of the Revolution, was removed from office on the ground of

habitual drunkenness and mental derangement, as conduct contravening "good behavior."

It should be clear that when a Supreme Court justice happens to be the witness to a crime or an accident, his testimony in subsequent court proceedings would be vital to the dispensation of justice. It could be maintained with equal force that when a Supreme Court justice happens to be the sole witness as to the reputation of a defendant, his testimony would be indispensable to a just verdict.

No such conditions entered into the strange conduct of Justices Frankfurter and Reed when they rushed to the aid of Alger Hiss. The defendant had had as character witnesses a former Presidential candidate, John W. Davis, and a galaxy of other notables.

Far be it from us to suggest anything like impeachment proceedings against the two Supreme Court justices for their quixotic act. Prof. Turner, however, cites the case of Judge Ritter in 1936, who was convicted on the ground that he had brought his court "into scandal and disrepute." And the late Senator Hiram Johnson claimed that the decision made "misbehavior an impeachable offense."

To the lay mind, the constitutional provision of "good behavior" seems immensely elastic. To define "good behavior" legally would be an immense task for great jurists.

But in the court of public opinion "good behavior" is easily registered. When members of an institution hallowed by tradition behave in a manner which outrages the best sentiments of the people, then it is manifest that the spirit of the constitutional injunction has been violated by Justices Frankfurter and Reed.

I.D.L.